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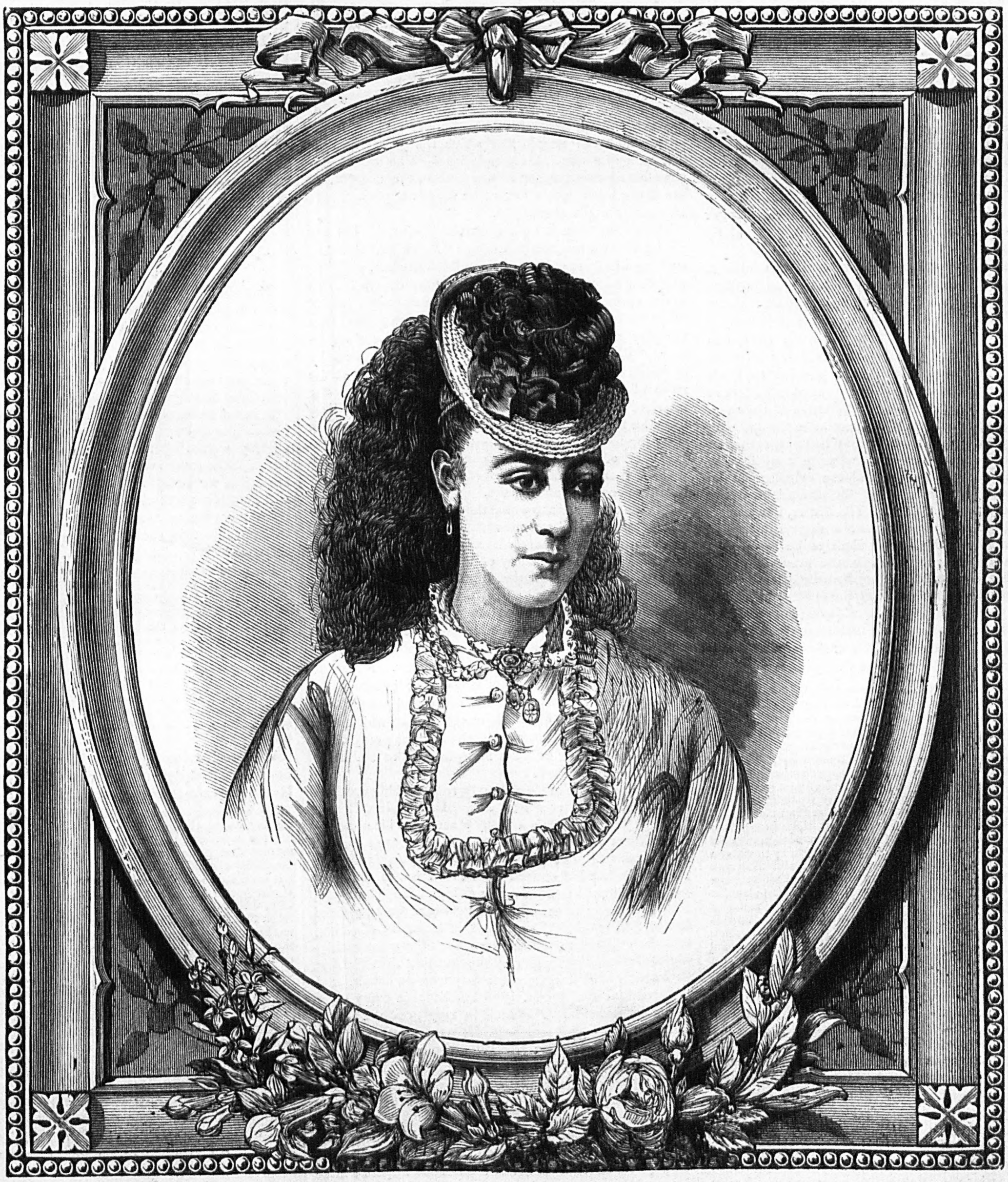


SOPHIA FLORA HEILBRON.

TICHBORNIANA.

THE leading journal has been taking liberties with the Tichborne case. We do not refer to its remarks on the admissibility of certain evidence; for they are legitimate. It is competent for any Englishman to pass an opinion upon the curious question as to what is and what is not—what ought to be and what ought not to be—subject-matter for the oath of a witness. That is a point ruled by no statute, and governed very much by considerations of justice and fairness. There is, we know, a notion abroad that our rules of evidence are purely arbitrary, calculated to press hardly upon one side or another in certain cases, and apt to lead to a miscarriage of justice. This, we think, is an error. Whenever it is properly ruled that certain facts, or alleged facts, cannot be deposed to by a particular witness, it is because, if such evidence were allowed it would open the door to grave abuses, and be the means, probably, of far greater injustice than can be laid to the charge of the rigid regulations which are in force. Whether certain evidence is legitimate or not is therefore very much a matter of opinion; or, rather, it is a question that has to be put to the test of reason, and the inquiry must be asked and answered. If we admit such evidence as this, what would be the effect in certain hypothetical cases? So, when the *Times* offers an opinion on the question whether Mr. Sharpin ought or ought not to be allowed to relate a conversation which took place on board the *Comet*, between himself and a person who is alleged to have been the claimant, we think the journal is not at all exceeding the bounds of fair criticism permitted to the press. And, moreover, we are disposed to think that the view propounded in the article that the evidence was such as ought not to be excluded, is a correct one.

But when the *Times* ventures to declare that the counsel for the claimant are producing too many witnesses, and to venture an opinion that the judge is too forbearing in allowing the case to occupy so much time, it appears to us that our contemporary takes a step which it would find very hard to justify; and the manner in which the point is advanced is, we think, particularly objectionable.

First as to the question of the amount of evidence. Neither judge nor jury nor newspaper writer is justified in speculating on the evidence that is to come with the view of deciding that this or that witness's testimony is unnecessary. None but he who holds the brief can judge how much the piling-up of evidence may be required, and none but he is in a position to know whether or not a point of detail to be sworn to by this or that deponent will affect the completeness of the case. And even the counsel cannot be sure as to the safety of omitting anything whatever that may be forthcoming on his side; for he does not know what he may have to encounter in the arguments and the evidence to be brought forward on the side of the defendant, whose case has not yet been opened. The *Times*, however, is not satisfied with the expression of a dogmatic opinion on the question of the proper limit to be set to the number of witnesses; it forestalls the province of the judge and the function of the jury by estimating and, so to speak, appraising the value of the evidence that has been given. The passage is a notable one in connection with the delicate question of the discretion that ought to be observed by the press in commenting upon a case pending in a court of law, and we will quote it:—

> Three broad facts have already been proved so conclusively and cumulatively that no further evidence can possibly shake them or confirm them. The first is that, on his appearance in England, most of the family were unable, or professed themselves unable, to recognise the claimant as Roger Tichborne. The second is that a large number of those who had known Roger Tichborne in the Carbineers did so recognise the claimant; and the last is that he was also recognised by a great many people living on or near the Tichborne property in Hampshire. Considering that a man's relatives are limited in number, and have usually better means of identifying him than strangers or even friends, it is not surprising that great importance should be attached to declarations made or to be made by any member of the Tichborne family. But what conceivable difference can it make whether thirty, fifty, or a hundred Carbineers or Hampshire neighbours come forward to welcome the claimant as Roger Tichborne? Upon any supposition, the name of those who believe in him is legion, and the grounds for distrusting their belief, as we may infer with certainty from their cross-examination, are precisely similar. If the jury could speak, they would infallibly assure the Court that no impression whatever is left on their minds by this long string of witnesses, all called to repeat a similar story, already rehearsed before the claimant's attorneys, and all subject to a similar imputation of having drawn their conclusions, either consciously or unconsciously, from the plaintiff's recollection of incidents which might have been suggested to him.

To our minds there is not a sentence or a clause of a sentence in that extract which does not more or less overstep the legitimate limits of newspaper criticism. How can any one presume to say, for example, that up to the present any facts have been conclusively proved, beyond the possibility of future evidence to shake or confirm them? Who can foretell what will appear in the cross-examination of those members of the family who "were unable, or professed themselves unable, to recognise the claimant as Roger Tichborne?" On the other hand, who is to say, before the case is closed, what the recognition amounts to on the part of those who had known Roger Tichborne in the Carbineers? We can conceive of evidence being offered on the other side to show that in some manner which we cannot now imagine those witnesses were imposed upon. As to the superior importance to be attached to the non-identification by members of the family, that is a matter which may be affected very much by what is to come, both in the concluding part of the plaintiff's case and in the evidence and arguments for the defendant. We need not examine these points item by item, though every point in the passage appears to us to be open to very grave objections, and most of all the assumption of what the jury would say about all this evidence if they could at this stage address the court on the subject.

Had any other journal but the *Times* ventured upon this line of comment we believe the article would have been very gravely condemned in many quarters. There is, on occasions of great public interest like that which has been excited by this trial, strong temptation for the press to overstep the limits of what is judicious, seeing how eagerly everything that is written upon the subject is read. At such a time it is a matter to be regretted that the leading journal should be the first transgressor.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

THE forebodings of a good many critics have not been fulfilled as to the play of "Pickwick" now performing at the Lyceum Theatre. It was to have been a failure. It wanted, we were told, all the features of a successful piece for the stage, it was a mistake to select Dickens's famous work for a subject, and the error had not been softened by the manner in which it was presented.

Why have these vaticinations and judgments gone amiss? Not this time through any imperfection or depravity in the public taste. There is nothing in the piece which the people like which the people need be ashamed of liking. Its popularity does no sort of constructive discredit either to the author, the artistes, or the large audiences who go and enjoy the performance so heartily night after night.

The explanation is on the face of the facts. Let any reader of these remarks go and see "Pickwick," thinking nothing whatever of the "canons" of criticism, carrying with him no "notions," and no foregone conclusions as to the unreasonableness of trying to make a play out of the "Pickwick Papers:" and we venture to predict that the play will afford him thorough and unalloyed enjoyment. We assume, of course, that he has been a reader of "Pickwick." We take it for granted that, like the mass of his countrymen, he looks back, as upon the merriest and pleasantest hours of his life, upon the time when he took that book in hand and read it through, or upon the more remote season—not quite in the recollection of all of us—when he took in the monthly parts and perused them greedily and gleefully, and waited eagerly for the successive instalments.

The man or woman to whom the reading of the "Posthumous Papers" has been one of the joys of life cannot help enjoying this play; not for its merits of plot or construction, but because so many of the dear old scenes are realised to the life on the stage. It was the charm of the book that it left pictures in the memory, and here are several of the pictures exactly as we had them in our minds. There is *Sam* polishing the long line of boots, and chaffing the chambermaid, and singing. In comes *Jingle*, and in comes *Job Trotter*. Here and there the similitude may not be perfect; but upon the whole so many scenes and incidents and positions go so near to the very life of the chapters from which they are taken that the author and the company may claim the credit of having added a new pleasure to our Pickwickian reminiscences.

Then, too, there are some really remarkable successes of acting. Who can find a word of fault with Mr. Irving's *Jingle*? It is a really marvellous bit of personation, that alone would be enough to excuse a host of shortcomings. Let nobody judge of *Jingle* by the pictures in London streets. He is far better than any portraiture that has been made of him. The elopement is rich in the extreme. The scene where he bargained for the giving up of the spinster is a fine bit of acting, and the original to the life—made all the more satisfying to the exacting reader by the fact that *Mr. Perker*, Pickwick's little lawyer, is the very man we should have pictured him in a dream. *Job Trotter* is in every scene a perfect success. *Pickwick* is very good; and old *Tony* is a splendid make-up. It was, of course, very hard to reproduce *Sam Weller* to the life on the stage, and clever and ingenious as is Mr. Belmore, he does not quite represent the reader's notion of *Sam*. This was the hardest part of the task, and the best has been made of the difficulty.

We do not know how long "Pickwick," will remain on the boards. It has already had a good "run." But we hope no devoted reader of the famous Papers will be deterred from seeing the play, while he has a chance, from the fear that violence will be done to his favourite illusions. It is not probable, when once the piece passes out of the hands of this company, that it will be cast as well again. Another so good a *Jingle* we are satisfied could not be found.

MDLLE. HEILBRON.

On our front page is presented a portrait of the youthful pianiste who has recently taken the judgment of connoisseurs of pianoforte playing in London by storm. Years ago, when she was not much more than an infant, this young lady captivated provincial audiences all over the country. We remember her on her travels round the kingdom, and have a vivid recollection of the sensation she excited. Her play was considered marvellous for her age, but of course there were the usual doubts as to whether such remarkable precocity would ripen into distinguished ability in years to come. Well, she is now in her fifteenth year, and, as a pianiste, she is as extraordinary for her age as she was five or six years ago for her age then. That is saying something, for she is drawing near the time when she will stand wholly upon her merits as a performer. There is no fear for the result. We see no reason why she should not be one of the greatest players of her day.

Miss Heilbron has given, within the last few days, a highly successful recital at St. George's Hall; and she is announced to appear again. We quote, from an account of the young lady's career, the following notable incident:—

> When only six years of age she commenced the study of the pianoforte of a young lady professor, resident in the neighbourhood, and made such rapid progress that a year after, when but seven years old, she, being taken by her father to Dublin, where he had some business at the time of the Great Exhibition, may be actually said to have made her public *début* at that tender age, in the capital of the Emerald Isle, though the circumstances of her first public appearance were brought about in quite a casual and unanticipated manner. Strolling through the building, hand-in-hand with her father, as they passed through the pianoforte department, his attention being attracted in another quarter, he did not at first notice that his little daughter was absent from his side. Instantly setting off in quest of her, and following in the direction of some familiar musical sounds, he soon discovered his lost treasure, and to his great surprise, seated before one of Broadwood's grand pianos, and performing to a large and admiring crowd, with the most perfect *sang-froid* possible, variations on the beautiful air from "Marta" "M'appari, tutt' amor." He naturally asked how she found courage to play for the first time, and all of a sudden, as it were, with so many eyes upon her; to which she replied with arch gaiety—"Oh! I like the fun."

ON THE ASPHALTE.

There is literally no cure for the slipping of heavily laden horses upon roads made of granite blocks—and not much cure for the horses when they have slipped; for the hurt is generally severe. The horse must have a very hard shoe. Nothing else will stand against the wear and tear of the granite. And to wear a very hard shoe is to be subject to slipping.

It is not so on asphalte. The iron sole the horse wears makes him slip upon asphalte roads when the roads are slightly wetted by mist or rain; but then if we had but asphalte roads everywhere in the city instead of only in places, we could abandon the horse-shoe that slips and contrive another, better adapted for tripping along upon the pleasant, elastic surface. Reference is made to this subject in the following note of a London correspondent in a country paper:—

> For some time past an interesting discussion has been going on among people who have a knowledge of horses and shoeing, and the point in dispute is the kind of shoe which would suit asphalte. It is suggested that instead of the present raised shoe which protects the horse's foot from the rough paving, a slighter shoe, which would let the animal's foot rest upon the ground, should be introduced for travelling on asphalte. The smooth shoe slips, but the bare foot would "catch." If, however, the proposed shoe were adopted, we ought to have the whole town laid with asphalte. So long as we have the streets partly asphalte, partly paved, and partly macadamised, there must be insuperable difficulties in the way of new-fashioned shoes.

We are gradually approaching the time when all London will enjoy the advantages of asphalte roads. Here is an extract from another column of gossip:—

> The business people resident in the Strand are pressing upon the local vestry the absolute necessity of their at once commencing the repavement of this lively thoroughfare, and they represent that if the material used be asphalte, there will be a possibility of making traffic so comfortable, that the trade, which has been in a state of retrogression since the opening of the Underground Railway, and the Thames Embankment to the City, will be better preserved to the Strand. The tradesmen think the matter just now most urgent, inasmuch as an order has been issued for the paving with new stone of that part of the thoroughfare between Somerset House and Cecil-street, and they feel that if they lose this opportunity of putting in a claim for asphalte, they will have to wait, according to the regulations of the Board of Works, fully three years more before they can demand repaving of any kind again. One would fancy that if the majority of the respectable hotel and shopkeepers in the Strand decide for asphalte, the Committee of Works for St. Martin's Parish, who have seen the good effects of the material in Cheapside and elsewhere, will not deny the appeal sent to them—especially as they have it in contemplation to re-pave in any case. The roar of the Strand at present is the loudest roar in London. Asphalte would at least remedy this.

Among the notions started with respect to asphalte, that with respect to its combustible qualities is the most absurd. An asphalte road would burn no more than would a road of granite. Were it possible to set fire to the new paving, Paris would have been a remarkable example indeed of a city on fire, when the men of the Commune set the public buildings of the French capital in flames and poured petroleum down the streets.

Good value for money is desired by all, hence the great demand for Horniman's Pure Tea—uniformly strong, wholesome, and truly cheap. Sold in packets by 2,538 Agents; Chemists, Confectioners, &c. [538

COUNTRY LIFE.

THE FIRST SIGNS OF THE FEAST.

WE regard the great fat stock festival at Birmingham as the first token of Christmas. It happens early. It, in fact, introduces us to the famous December season of seasons. We are not thinking of the holiday in these foggy November days. We are not disposed to believe that the collapse of the year in universal merry-making can be so close. We go labouring on as if we had six months of this dull work—unbroken by a ray of light—before us, when suddenly we are called upon to take note of the Birmingham Show. All hail to that great congregation of sacrificial beasts and birds, prepared to be offered up on the shrine of Christmas!

We have not come into this column to make a report of what has been going on at Birmingham during the show week. We may as well confess at once that we have not been of late within a hundred miles of the midland capital. But our heart has been there, for we know something of those scenes of old. Let us not say one word in prejudice of what is in store for the hundred thousand visitors to Islington Agricultural Hall next week, or to any display of living things that is to take place at the Crystal Palace; but those events do not make a festival as does the Christmas show at Birmingham. They do not move the outer life of the public; they do not affect the aspect of the streets, or the spirits of the multitudes. In the midland capital it is quite otherwise. There is population enough in that stupendous town of chimneys and muscular, unkempt life; but the people are not too many for the occasion; they are not enough for indifference to this annual celebration of the living food got ready for the dinner tables of the millions in the coming days. Everybody knows all about the show; everybody does something in consequence of it. Those who cannot afford to pay a shilling to pass the gates take care not to lose the opportunity of seeing their more fortunate neighbours and visitors go and come. There is a throng in the streets, hither and thither, moved by the one excitement. Up that broad street—by a curious coincidence of the day known as Islington—which sees nearly all the traffic to and from the show, most of the private houses and shops are converted into extemporised restaurants for the occasion; and dinners without end may be had at any conceivable price at any hour.

The show itself is a wonderful spectacle, albeit something of a muddle. Bingley Hall, one would suppose, should be big enough for almost any exhibition; but it is over small for the fat stock, the poultry, and the pigeons. Spacious as is the interior, it is crowded almost to suffocation with living things, and seems not to need the addition of a countless swarm of human beings. It is too late to ask any curious reader who has never been down to Birmingham in the closing days of November, to visit the show there this year; but no cockney notion of a more interesting display in London should another year prevent a sojourn of a couple of days in Birmingham while this great feast of life is spread. The dogs alone, at Curzon Hall, will repay any man for the journey. There is nothing like it to be seen anywhere. Metropolitan dog shows are big affairs enough of their kind, but they are mixed. Now, the real lover of dogs cannot have too much of them; and when he gets into Curzon Hall he has his fill. The interior seems built up of dogs, from the floor to the very roof, instead of bricks. It is a moving indistinguishable mass of dogs, like the interior of a cheese given over to the development of active life. The walls, the parapets, the floor, the ceiling, howl, roar, and yap.

We have before us a brilliant account not only of the general aspect of Birmingham Christmas shows, but of the special features of the exhibition of this present week. We are not going to condense the report, or to pick out the facts, or to quote the prize list. Those are points with which all readers who care to know have been already furnished. But there are what are sometimes called "tit-bits" in this history of the event, and a few of them we will pick out and present as characteristic of the occasion. Our quotations are from the *Birmingham Morning News*. Our historian in the following strain tells of the tribulations of the pigs undergoing the ordeal of inspection by the judges:—

> Each individual pig, being called upon to stand up for inspection, resents the intrusion upon his privacy by squeals. No bashful young lady at Christmas could exhibit more disinclination to be led beneath the mistletoe than these interesting animals display to accept the overtures of the man with the rope, who enters each pen in order, and makes a show of the teeth of its inhabitants. The reluctant coyness of the animals under these trying circumstances, and their pathetic remonstrance are touching in the extreme. All diversities of porcine character are merged in one by the ordeal. The monstrous animal who lies prone in solitary melancholy and fatness, and the tender little creature who might stand for a new Elia to gloat over and to grow poetical upon, exhibit the same desire to be left alone, and each alike appears to be conscious, on the entrance of the ruthless individual with the rope, of an impending disaster.

There are pigeon-fanciers all over the country. Neither urban nor rural life has any special influence in the making or the spoiling of this special character. But the connoisseur of this order of birds rarely comes out as strong as at Birmingham. There he and his *confrères* are an institution. They watch the development of pigeon life all over the world as astronomers watch the planets and the stars. They meet—we forget how many times a week—and read papers on the subject. A hitherto undiscovered feather in the wing of a carrier or tumbler is the subject of long and learned discussions and volumes of reports. Great, therefore, is the event of this week to the pigeon-fanciers of Birmingham. Let us quote again:—

> There is a society in Birmingham—a little society—which we are happy to learn is in a flourishing condition, and which, like many other little businesses, takes unto itself a name of most sonorous sound. Once in six months it makes a show and bills the town and district. It calls its show the "Half-yearly Exhibition of the Philo-Peristeron Society," and, due allowance having been made for the mighty title, the affair assumes a very pretty and complete little exhibition in its way. We recommend the Philo-Peristeron people (whom we take to be in plain English brotherly pigeon-fanciers) to see the show of pigeons at the annual cattle and poultry show, and to rejoice, as combatants in so mild a warfare and of so brotherly a nature should, to find themselves surpassed. No doubt the Philo-Peristeron people contribute to the show in many instances, and will, therefore, take a double interest in it.

The reporter is somewhat too hasty, and, therefore, a little unjust to his own townsmen. The Philo-Peristerons are not easily beaten, and they carry off quite their share of honours at any all-England show. There are special items to be noticed with respect to the dog-show, and our friend shall again perform the part of showman:—

> You can hear them long before you reach the hall; 900 dogs—bloodhounds, mastiffs, bull dogs, spaniels, pugs—are barking vigorously, discordantly, and with an energy that never tires. Such a mighty gathering is seldom seen, and standing in the middle of the hall, and seeing everywhere vibrating tails, and black muzzles, you blindly wonder where they all come from, and speculate on the amount of revenue the Government derives from the tax on such a vast concourse. Scarlet-coated men act as valets to the dogs; they stay in the devoted building, in the midst of all this fierce barking, for many hours at a stretch, and you half expect to see one or two of them carried forth, fainting, and with reason tottering on its throne, by reason of long listening to their deep-voiced masters. Their duties appear to be to whip every dog within their reach on all available opportunities. We would personally defy any one of the seven sleepers to sleep within that building. A man might go mad there, but he could never sleep.

But it is a grand and wonderful sight; a spectacle for Mr. Darwin—for are not these all civilised animals, and a standing protest against the theory of the unchangeability of animal life? There is nothing in any degree resembling this in the savage condition. We will quote our authority no further to-day, but simply take note of the curious fact recorded by him that in honour of the great occasion three notable efforts were made to afford entertainment for the influx of company in the evening; for were there not engaged to appear in different public halls, Mr. Toole, Mr. Sims Reeves, and the Ethiopian Serenaders!

PARTY ECCENTRICITIES.

Of the changes which take place in political parties in connection with imperial matters we have nothing to say just now. Our theme for the moment refers to those odd turns which party spirit takes in provincial towns, to a great extent independently of Parliamentary events. The conduct of an individual who has no association whatever with the business of the country will be the means of introducing a "split" in the town. The Mayor, who was elected under the auspices of the Tories, may prove, during his term of office, unworthy of the confidence placed in him by his friends. We have known such a one disgust the greater number of his supporters by his unseemly toleration of the views and prejudices of his opponents. We have known a Nonconformist chief magistrate, listening to the insidious voice of the flatterer on the other side, estrange the whole body to whom he owed his elevation by committing the enormity of proceeding to church one Sunday morning, in robes and chains, preceded by the town servants bearing maces. Such events are generally the beginning of secessions. They lead a few men to reconsider their opinions; and when a great party struggle happens some time later one sees stragglers from this or that fold, and deplores the defection. Our object is not to pile up reminiscences, but to note a peculiar fact in the natural history of party which has occurred of late in one of the most important towns in England. We refer to the case of Bradford. It is not for us to give a history of the party phenomena of Bradford, but to point to the existing circumstances of the case as explained by a local celebrity. It appears that a tea-meeting was held a few days ago in honour of the return of a gentleman, a member of the Liberal party, to the Town Council at the late elections, and one of the speakers was Mr. G. V. Godwin, who, after deploring the unhappy feeling and the personalities which were a discredit to the town on all public occasions involving party conflicts, proceeded to point out the cause of this state of things in the following terms:—

> They had now got into such a position that the Radicals, as he might properly call them—the party of progress—stood on one side, while the Whigs of the borough, having broken off their alliance with the Radicals, had gone into alliance with the Conservatives, and it was from that all the difficulties and the evils of their present position arose. He lamented this himself. To his knowledge many of the Whig party had rendered active and sincere service to the Liberal party in years gone by in many a hard fight in the borough, and on that ground he lamented all the more the course they had now taken. What must necessarily be the result of an alliance, lasting some considerable time, between the Whigs and the Conservatives? Of the three political parties, the Conservatives he took to be a body larger than the Whigs. He took the Whigs to be the smallest of the three sections, and it was a matter of congratulation that the Radicals, or Liberals, or whatever he might call them, were so nearly able, and sometimes more, to contend with the other two together. What position would that place the Whigs in? Let there come up at any moment a wave of political opinion, and where would the alliance be? Testing questions might arise on which the Whigs, as Whigs, must take their stand, and not forego their principles, and where would the Whigs be? Not standing in alliance with the Tories—that alliance broken up and destroyed—and yet without the natural alliance which heretofore they had joined in with the Liberal party. He thought, therefore, that the Whigs were in a most precarious position.

One has no difficulty in guessing to what party Mr. Godwin belongs. Nevertheless, he speaks with a wisdom something above party. The question is whether he is right in attributing all the blame to his quondam friends, the Whigs. He seems to have some reason on his side, however, when he proceeds to trace to this disorganisation some of the ill-feeling and personalities of the town:—

> The first obvious result was daily before their eyes—the personalities that disgraced the borough. It could not be otherwise. The Liberals had something to talk of—their principles, and the Conservatives had theirs; but what could the Whigs do in alliance with the Tories? Could they come out and enunciate great principles? Were they not obliged to conceal the principles to which they were usually attached, so long as they remained in alliance with the Tories? So nothing was left for them but personalities. He took that to be the reason of the personalities in the borough.

Yet, in a subsequent portion of his speech, Mr. Godwin repudiated all idea of compromise with the Whigs. Speaking independently of party politics, and without much knowledge of the actual state of things in Bradford, beyond what may be obtained from watching the proceedings of the voters at elections, and their method of receiving their own representative, Mr. Forster—it seems to us curious that Mr. Godwin does not think of inquiring whether or not his own friends the Radicals may not be in some degree in fault. One way of looking at what has taken place is to say that the Whigs have seceded; another is to declare that they have been estranged and alienated by their former colleagues. Both views of the case are possible, and so also is another hypothesis: that the Conservatives have made such changes in their principles and tactics as to seem to the Whigs to have more reason and good policy with them than the Radicals. It is not for us to say which of all these explanations is the true one; but we think it can hardly be uninteresting to Whigs, Tories, and Radicals among our readers in other parts of the country to know the internal condition of parties in that great Yorkshire town.

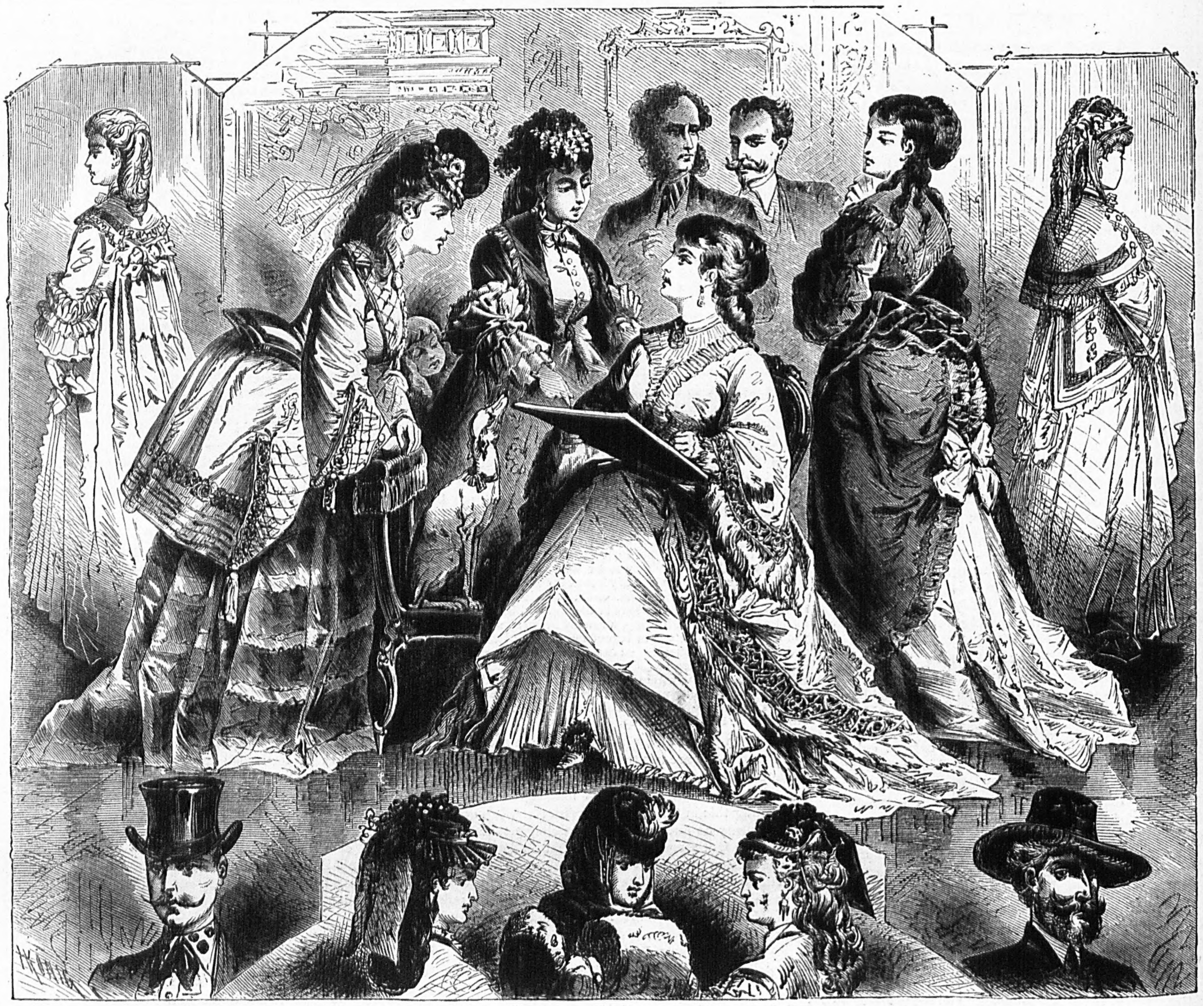
TRIAL BY JURY.

A curious incident occurred in a court of justice at Exeter the other day. The case was a breach of promise of marriage, sent down by the Court of Exchequer to the County Sheriff's Court to assess damages. The lady's name was Ching, and she was thirty-six years of age. The gentleman was a farmer named Kensole, aged fifty. Rather to the chagrin of her advocate, the lady did not appear disposed to protest any violent affection for the gentleman by whom she had been deceived; but she had the best of domestic feelings, and she had in her heart resolved upon making the farmer an excellent wife. It happened, apparently, that the jury were very much of her way of thinking as to the qualities and conditions which go to the making of happiness, and she had the cue of the jury, evidently, better than had her counsel. The following brief passage from the report will explain the somewhat unique position, and reveal the excellent sentiments and sound domestic English character of the gentlemen who formed the jury:—

> Mr. Friend: Have you still an affection for the defendant?
>
> Plaintiff: I made up my mind to make him comfortable, and to study his interest and that of his children. (Applause on the part of the jury.)
>
> Mr. Friend: Well, gentlemen, if you are indisposed to hear my case——
>
> The Sheriff intimated that no such expressions of feelings could be allowed.
>
> Mr. Friend to plaintiff: I want to know whether your affection was very strong for him.
>
> Plaintiff: Yes, certainly, after I made up my mind to marry him.
>
> Mr. Friend: I believe you still hold him in repute, you have still a strong affection for him?
>
> Plaintiff: Well, yes.

We have some experience of juries and their peculiarities. We have a distinct recollection of a case tried in our presence in which the twelve gentlemen, after hearing the evidence, found the prisoner guilty, but recommended him to mercy on the ground that they were not quite certain that he was not innocent after all; but we cannot recall a case in which the jury applauded the evidence of a party in the case.

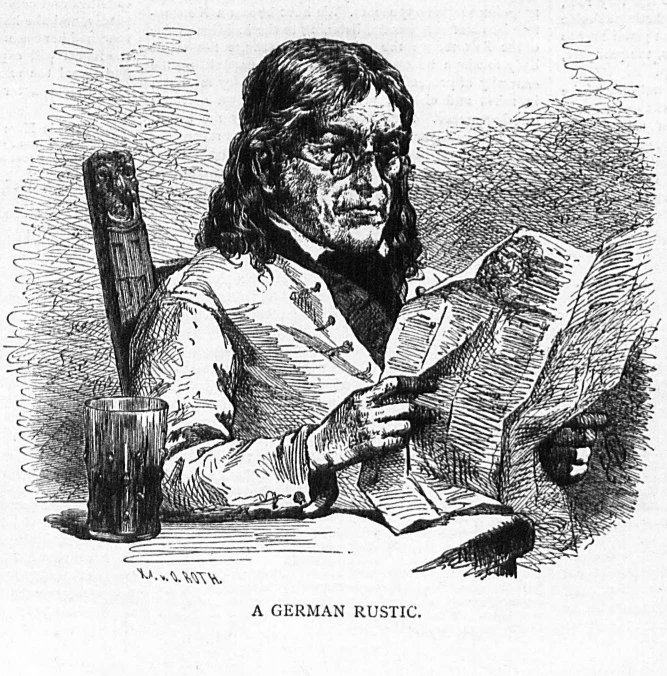
After the little ebullition of feeling it might have been expected that large damages would be given; but these were not men to be carried away into extremes on any subject; and after hearing the lady out they came to the conclusion that £25 would be fair compensation for her wounded susceptibilities, and for the disappointment she had undergone in not having the opportunity of making the farmer comfortable and of studying his interests and those of his children.



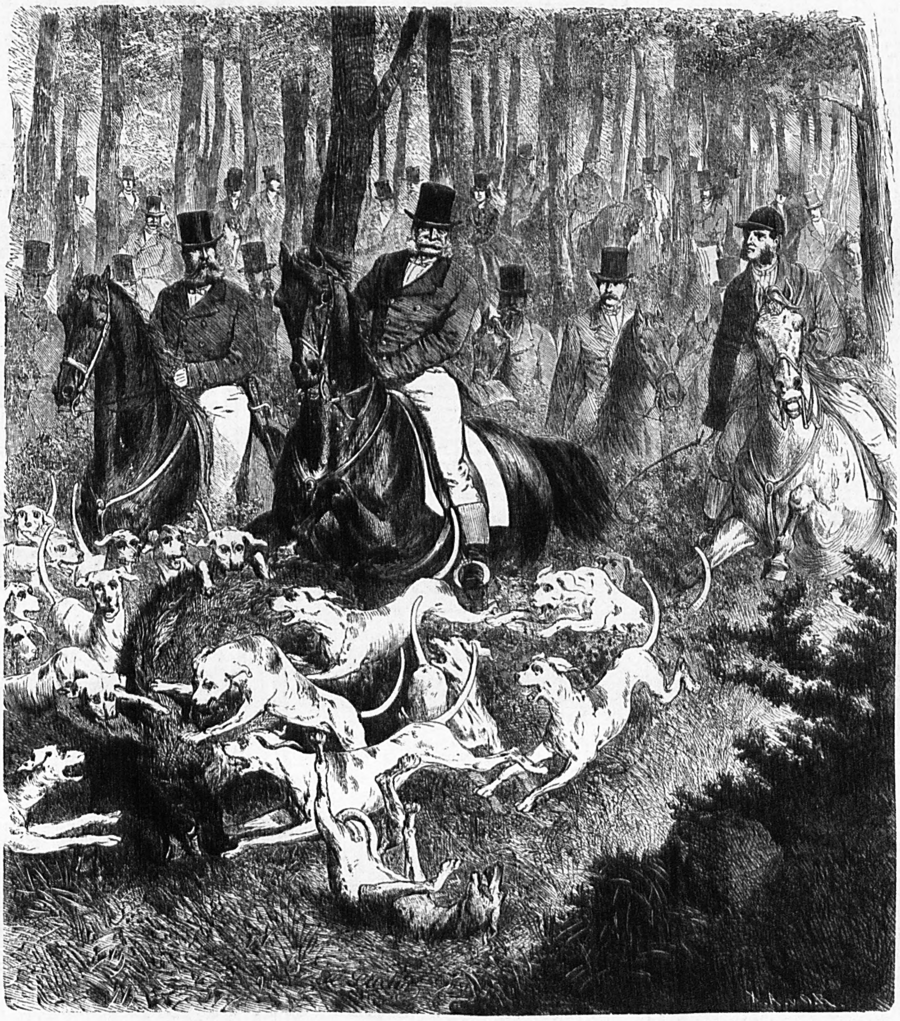
GERMAN AUTUMN FASIHONS.

DEAN LAKE ON ENGLISH AND FRENCH HISTORY.

Last week, a lecture was delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, by the Very Rev. Dr. Lake, Dean of Durham, on "The Contrasts between French and English History." The Dean said it had been often noticed as remarkable that two nations, living in close proximity, having a large portion of the population of the same stock, and between whom there had been much intercourse, should have developed into a constitutional character so dissimilar. No one, however, who knew anything of the elements of the character of the two countries could be surprised. They started with great original differences, which had grown stronger with their national growth. England, in its politics, had been the land of continuous progress; France, of an occasional spasmodic energy, followed by almost a desolate policy. England had been mainly the land of freedom; France that of despotism. In England, every class had been banded together by friendship, if not always by identical interests; while in France the greatest classes had been too commonly enemies. Intellectually, the contrasts had been equally marked, for each had what the other wanted; France had quick intelligence and enthusiasm; England, the good sense, steadiness, and solidity, both of thought and conduct, which spring partly from honesty, and partly from a sensible self-interest: everything, in fact, which naturally follows from a long political training. He would not attempt in a single lecture to exhibit in anything like detail the leading differences which had marked these two great countries. In the case of England the early rise of our political system and geographical character would go far to account for all that had followed—for an amount of social equality which had never prevailed in France or any continental country, and which had enabled the ablest men of every rank in England to rise both to prosperity and greatness. Again, our great revolutions occurred very early, and were comparatively of the most gentle character, so that this country won its liberties soon, and had never gone through any of those violent convulsions of social and political life which, as in the case of the great French Revolution, unsettled the minds, the morals, and the constitution, and took generations to recover, if ever they recovered at all. He spoke at length of the influence which the descent from the Anglo-Saxon stock had excited on the English nation; and, still more, of the peculiar manner in which tribes of that people conquered what was then called Britain. In like manner he showed the influence of their Celtic origin upon the French, and also the great influence of the Roman Empire upon France. France had had advantages of thought and culture such as perhaps no other nation of Europe had enjoyed; in England, since the Norman conquest, the material advantage had been great. Great as had been the past political history of England, he would be more confident for the future if all classes, and particularly the humbler, had real cultivation to correspond with and fit them for their political interests; and he feared that a life in which no man seemed to have leisure to be wise must leave us in time without many of the best qualities of mind and heart. What he had most trust in was that honest and sturdy good sense, almost amounting to genius, which had always characterised our nation: and he believed a spirit would rise from men who would be brave enough to tell her the truth—who would warn her, if need be, not to betray those principles of wise and mature moderation in which our greatest men—a Burke and a Pitt—had gloried, for the speculations of untried adventurers—(great applause)—and who, above all, would remind her that her restless political activity could never supply the place of moral greatness and simplicity in our national character. (Great applause.) Dr. Charlton proposed a unanimous vote of thanks to the lecturer, and said they had enjoyed a happiness and a satisfaction which it had seldom if ever been their lot to experience. (Applause.) The motion was carried by acclamation; and the Dear, in acknowledging the compliment, expressed his willingness to do all he could to serve the town of Newcastle.



A GERMAN RUSTIC.



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"Mdlle. Heilbron, whose precocious ability as a pianist is well known, gave an evening concert on Thursday last in St. George's Hall, and gratified a large audience by the intelligence with which, for one so young, she rendered various pieces of classical and popular music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov.* 20, 1871.

"The evening concert given by this clever young pianiste last week in St. George's Hall enabled her still more favourably to impress her listeners with the charm of her talents, and the astonishing command she possesses over the mechanical difficulties of pianoforte playing. Uniting with a pleasing touch and brilliant finger genuine expression and pleasing sentiment, Mdlle. Heilbron by her performance was never more successful in exciting interest and eliciting commendation, whilst her *tours de force* surprised no less than delighted the numerous auditors she attracted round her. It is not alone in the modern school of light music that Mdlle. Heilbron's talents display themselves. With the aspiration of a true *artiste* she aims at interpreting the poetical works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn and the composers of a classical order, and succeeds in a manner which shows that experience will soon ripen her into a faithful exponent of their thoughts and fancies. The Kreutzer sonata was a bold essay for so young a pianiste, but Mdlle. Heilbron's playing was throughout characterised by good phrasing, neat execution, and musicianlike feeling. The young *artiste* was warmly and deservedly applauded. For her first performance she selected Liszt's 'Valse de Faust,' and executed it with great brilliancy and power."—*Standard, Nov.* 20, 1871.

"MISS HEILBRON'S MORNING CONCERT.—Miss Sophia Flora Heilbron, a most prepossessing and talented young lady, who at thirteen years of age has a perfect command of the piano and plays like an *artiste* of mature years, gave a morning concert on Wednesday at St. George's Hall, which was fully and fashionably attended. Miss Heilbron has succeeded in gaining the patronage of some of the most distinguished members of the aristocracy. She played first Dussek's Sonata in B flat, with Mr. Chaudeau Lane; Liszt's famous fantasia from 'Tannhauser;' and an *impromptu* of her own composition for the first time in public. In the second part Miss Heilbron took a higher stand, and with equal success, playing Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, with Mr. Lane, in admirable style, winding up with Fumagalli's fantasia upon 'Puritani.' All of these pieces showed the talent of the clever young lady in the most favourable light, and won for her extraordinary applause. She has evidently the ability to become one of the leading pianists of the day."—*Era, July* 15*th*, 1871.

"That musical 'little wonder,' Sophia Flora Heilbron, ætat nine, has just closed her Paris career for the present. The young pianist has played before the Emperor of Russia, the King and Prince of Prussia, the King of Portugal, and other grandees, with great success. But that which is a greater compliment to the juvenile artist is, that last week she had the honour of playing before Signor Rossini, at his house at Passy. The maestro was kind enough to the child, and complimented her very much on her talent."—*Daily Telegraph, August* 8*th*, 1867.

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⁂ ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.

THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

THE sympathy for the Prince of WALES is universal. From one end of Britain to the other there is a feeling of anxious sorrow. This will be gratifying to the Prince in his convalescence; it will show him that in spite of calumny and Republican adventurers, he has the well wishes of the nation; and we hope it may serve as an impulse that shall lead him in return to strive for the good of the people with the true zeal of his father.

NEWS comes from Dublin that a requisition, signed by no less than 20,000 persons, has been presented to Cardinal Cullen, calling on him to convene a meeting of Roman Catholics on the subject of education. The meeting is to be held during the second week of December. The *Globe* greatly doubts whether among the 20,000 signatures twenty names of Catholic gentlemen could be found, and explains the manner in which such documents are got up in Ireland. "On Sunday they are placed on tables outside the doors, with pens and ink, while a couple of devoted followers of the priest seize upon each person as he leaves the house of prayer and insist on his signing as a duty."

WE should be glad to see the newspapers give shorter accounts of the TICHBORNE case. The public are getting sick of it; the novelty is gone, the evidence is repeated, and all we want is the end. But this we begin to despair of; the "wit and humour" of the case goes on, and our daily journals have reports of appalling length from day to day. This was excusable when the claimant himself was in the box, but we cannot see the necessity of giving corroborative evidence *verbatim*. The *Daily News* maintains that there is too much fuss made with the case, and is indignant on this score. This is our opinion, but it is strange to find it published in the daily paper referred to, for, as a contemporary says, "the *Daily News* happens to be the only one of the newspapers that has specially enlarged itself to more fully report the TICHBORNE case, and that is specially advertising the fact of its having so specially enlarged itself." If it were as easy to do good as to know what were good to do, then—the proverb's somewhat musty.

"ITALY is restored to herself and to Rome, and we have reconquered our place among the nations of the world." With these words VICTOR EMMANUEL has opened his Parliament. Rome *is* now the capital of Italy. "We shall remain faithful to our principle," said the KING. "Regenerated by liberty, we shall seek in liberty and order the secret of strength, and a reconciliation between the Church and the State."

THERE may be an end to railway accidents when a New Zealander sits on the ruins of London Bridge; in the meantime, collisions occur constantly, limbs are broken, and lives lost. There were two accidents on Friday last, one happened to the "Flying Scotch Express," which, being half an hour late at Wigan, ran into another passenger train, seriously injuring about twenty persons. On the same day the up express from Newcastle met with an accident when running between Bradbury and Aycliffe stations. It was caused by a tire coming off one of the carriages and running under three others. Some of the carriages had the floorings forced up. The passengers were much alarmed, but happily none were injured.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

THE new piece at the Lyceum has afforded Henry Irving another opportunity of displaying his truly dramatic talent. "The Bells" is adapted from "The Polish Jew" of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, who have given us some of the best tales of modern days. It is a most absorbing and exciting story, quick in action and graphic in effect. Henry Irving as *Mathias*, the murderer haunted with the sound of bells, displays a psychological power that will place him in the first rank of his profession. The character is a consistent and remarkable study, with fear, cunning, despair, and pathos perfectly interpreted. Unfortunately there is only one character in the piece, which almost reduces it to a dramatic recitation, relieved with moving figures. Mr. Leopold Lewis has picked out the plot and linked the incidents in a masterly style, and Mr. Irving has given life and reality to the work. The piece is a series of highly coloured pictures, portraying remorse and fear, surrounded with pleasure. *Mathias* has murdered a Polish Jew for his money, and thrown him in a lime-kiln. It is many years ago, but no traces of murdered man or murderer have been traced, and he is not molested, only by his conscience. The crime was done in the snow. The murderer is ever after hearing at intervals the sound of bells that were on the Jew's horse. When he thinks himself happiest, he hears the bells. At the marriage of his daughter he hears the bells—not the wedding bells, but the bells that sounded in the snow that night years before. The object of his life being gained in his child's union with one Christian, he defies the bells, seizes a guest, and dances furiously to the ghostly noise, shouting defiance. That night *Mathias* dreams he is tried for the murder and sentenced to be hanged. The vision appears as a second scene, behind the sleeping-room, and is one of the most effective in the piece. Mr. Irving is here at his best, and every eye in the house is fixed on him. It is, in truth, a masterly performance, reminding us of "The Dream of Eugene Aram," which Mr. Irving has often recited with as much power as now, but to an inappreciative audience. "The Bells" should be seen and heard. It is one of the most dramatic of dramas, superbly mounted, and affording one of the best examples of character-acting of modern days.

The Dublin Gaiety Theatre, which has been built from the designs of Mr. Phipps, was opened on Monday evening with all the honours due to an important event in the history of the stage in Dublin. It is not very large, but it is very beautiful and most convenient. The comfort of the occupants of its various compartments has been well looked after.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MENTION is made of Miss Heilbron (whose portrait we give on our first page) under the heading "Our London Note Book," which will be found on page 146.

GERMAN AUTUMN FASHIONS.

Our lady readers will be interested in our sketch of German Autumn Fashions. Hitherto the changes of fashion have been connected with the name of Paris, but it was difficult for this unfortunate city to send out new fashions when surrounded by Prussians. The fair sex of Europe had to look out for themselves; but although the position was a very grave one, we do not think many deaths resulted from it. Politically, Paris has fallen low, and even as regards fashions we do not believe it will ever occupy the proud position it once held as dictator.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT THE BOAR HUNT.

In the neighbourhood of the city of Berlin there is a vast hilly forest, about fifteen miles long and five miles wide, extending along the banks of the Havel from Spandau to Potsdam. On the banks of a little lake in the centre of the forest there stands a quaint old-fashioned hunting lodge named Grunewald. Near to the lodge is an enclosure of wild boars, and every year on the 3rd of November, which is the festival of St. Hubert, the huntsman's patron saint, a grand boar hunt takes place, at which not only are the Emperor and his lords and ladies present, but also some twenty thousand enthusiastic Berliners, to whom this anniversary has of late years become a sort of Derby Day. This year the enthusiasm was greater than usual, because the weather, though chilly, was beautifully fine, partly because last year the hunt was intermitted on account of His Majesty having pressing engagements of a more important character in a neighbouring country. About midday His Majesty's invited guests began to assemble at the castle, for the most part excellently mounted, and all attired in scarlet coats, cords, and tops, for the English costume has superseded the ancient Teutonic green. Before long two hundred men in scarlet, including the Royal Princes, had gathered together, and then the Emperor arrived on the scene, dressed in scarlet swallow-tail, with cords, buff tops, and black hat. He jumped out of his carriage as nimbly as if he had been seventeen instead of seventy-five. All now mounted their horses and rode off to the rendezvous, a large circular space of cleared ground in the centre of the forest, close to the wild-boar preserve, and surrounded by deep dells. The object of the chase, it must be observed, is not hunted, as in Wallachia, on foot and with enormous boar-hounds, but with ordinary fox-hounds and harriers. To prevent accidents his tusks are broken off, and therefore he cannot save his life by a gallant defence when brought to bay. It was a pretty sight to see the hunting cavalcade advancing up the broad green glade of the forest. Besides the Emperor, his kinsmen, his generals, and his courtiers, there was the chief forester, and the chief huntsman, and the Hof Jägers, splendid fellows attired in green and silver. When the Emperor had taken care that the ladies were well placed for seeing, the Emperor gave the signal for the opening of the enclosure, whereupon a full-grown boar burst out, and soon vanished in the underwood. Ten minutes' law was given, and the hunt began. As it was a dry cold day, the scent did not lie very strong, and presently some two or three thousand of the ardent Berliners having headed the pack, the hounds were thrown out. The Emperor turned back without the green spray in his hat, which betokens a successful chase. Prince Karl, however, persevered, and came up with the boar. Piggy took to the river. Two of the hunters jumped off their horses, and got into a fishing boat, and headed him back, finally dragging him on to dry land, where they set him free. Before he had gone fifty yards the dogs ran into him, and the Crown Prince gave him the finishing stroke with his hunting-sword. The day's proceedings ended with a feast at the Lodge, where some two hundred persons sat down to an excellent dinner, and His Majesty's health was drunk with a "Hip, hip, hurrah!" Our picture represents the hunt on a former occasion.

AUSTIN FRIARS BREWERY.

We gave some time ago an illustration of a scene at a German brewery. Our picture this week is of the same subject. Here are men and women of all ages and sizes. Some are convivial and jolly, and some are inclined to be quarrelsome, and do not agree, although there appears to be but one opinion as to the desirability of drinking.

A GERMAN RUSTIC.

Here is a German Rustic at his ease. He is in his old chair, his spectacles are sitting very comfortably on his nose, he has his tankard of beer and his newspaper, and is altogether "at ease in his possessions." This characteristic sketch is from the pen of E. Bosch.

"HOME FROM THE WAR."

This old subject is never old. To all who have not experienced such a scene it is common-place, but in reality it is one of the brightest days in a life. It is said that a man does not know how to value health until he has had a long and severe illness, and it may be that a man does not know the happiness of home until he has been to the wars and returned. When he has been in the noise and din of battle for days, and then left,

SICK AND WOUNDED,

At the mercy of strangers who do not care for him beyond his suffering; when he has been dragged about with festering wounds to hospitals, and seen death and torment on all sides; when he has been in fear and pain and without comfort for many days, and then returned to his bright home and loving wife and children, he can begin to thank God for the real blessings of this life and realise the beauty and holiness of love.

AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT SITTEN.

The Agricultural Show at Sitten, which is situate in one of the most romantic parts of Switzerland, has been highly successful this year. The dealers coming from all parts of Europe have been more numerous, and the number of animals shown far beyond preceding years.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD IN NEW YORK.

Dr. Selwyn arrived in Liverpool on Sunday by the *Java*. The *New York World*, in describing an entertainment which was given to his Lordship at Delmonico's on the morning of the 15th inst., says:—The Bishop of New York (Dr. Potter) occupied the head of the centre table. Upon his immediate right was seated the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, the honoured guest; and upon his right, in the order named, were the Bishop of New Jersey, Bishop Randall, Bishop Armitage, Bishop Doan, Rev. Dr. Forbes, Rev. Dr. Edwards, Rev. Dr. I. H. Iles, of England (who accompanies the Lord Bishop), Rev. Mr. Selwyn, and General Elijah Ward. Upon the left of the Bishop of New York were seated in the order named Bishop Kip, Bishop Clarkson, Bishop Neeley, Bishop Littlejohn, Rev. Dr. Hill, Mr. Archibald, Major General John A. Dix, &c. The other tables were all occupied by gentlemen of similar eminence in the Episcopal Church in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, California, Ohio, New England, and other states and sections. Such an assembly was seldom if ever witnessed on this continent before. Bishop Potter delivered in forcible language a very interesting and exceedingly touching address of welcome to the distinguished guest and representative alike of the Church and Government of England. The Bishop of New York alluded to the fact that the Lord Bishop is the first "home bishop," so-called, who has ever visited the United States, and he recognised the fact as an important one in contributing, as it will in an eminent degree, towards cementing the two branches of the Episcopal Church residing in England and America.

The Bishop of Lichfield replied in a very happy speech, expressing the profound satisfaction it gave him to visit the United States and to find here so much prosperity, and to be surrounded and honoured by such distinguished representatives of the Church. It was gratifying to him to learn of her prosperity. He alluded briefly to the history of the two countries, specifying the grievances which had existed, in which, he said pleasantly, that he thought we had rather got the best of it. He said that we found a good deal of fault with England at one time for levying burdensome taxes upon our people, but, he added, he did not observe that either country had improved much by the lesson administered in the war of our revolution, for he believed there were no two countries on earth that taxed so much as England and the United States.

Bishop Odenheimer, of New Jersey, presented to the Bishop an edition of the standard Prayer-book, accompanied by a letter from Bishop Potter, written in behalf of the alumni of the General Episcopal Seminary, the donors.

The Bishop returned his thanks for the exquisitely beautiful offering in a few appropriate remarks.

Major-General Dix, as one of the distinguished laity of the Episcopal Church in the State, was introduced by Bishop Potter for a speech. The General was enthusiastically received. He responded in a short address, making the point that the most fortunate events of the present time to the two nations—England and America—were the work of the Joint High Commission, and the visit of the Bishop of Lichfield in the interest of a common brotherhood between the English and American people. They augur a secure and lasting peace.

Rev. Dr. Leeds, of Baltimore, presented to the Bishop, on behalf of his people in Maryland, an elaborately finished "alms basin," the principal material being silver highly polished and embossed, and ornamented with precious stones, inlaid.

Other appropriate speeches were made by the gentlemen present, expressing their satisfaction at the visit of the distinguished representative of the Church of England to this country, and of the liberal policy to which that Church is tending.

The repast continued until 12.30 p.m., when it was cut short by an intimation that Bishop Selwyn was under promise to unite in marriage an anxiously-awaiting couple at the residence of Bishop Potter, the bride being none other than the Bishop's own daughter. The company soon departed from the banquet-room, most of them to witness the marriage ceremony.

THREE FACES.

I sat in the twilight shadows
And looked toward the West away,
Where the hand of an unseen artist
Was painting, at close of day,
A strange and a beautiful picture
That filled my soul with awe,
And made me think of the City
No mortal ever saw.

"Paint me, O wonderful artist"—
I said when the shadows came,
And hid from my sight the beauty
O'er the Western hills aflame—
"Paint me the face of an angel!"
And lo! before mine eyes
Was the face of my dear old mother,
Grown young in Paradise!

Then the beautiful picture faded,
And I cried, "O artist, paint
With your wonderful pencil the features
Of some pure and holy saint."
And lo! through the shadows gathered
About the lonely place,
Full of calm, unearthly beauty,
I saw my father's face!

"Paint me the face of a sinner!"
A darker shadow swept
Thro' the room, and I thought in the twilight
That the unseen artist wept.
And lo! from his magical pencil
A face in a moment had grown,
The sad white face of a sinner,
And I knew it for *my own!*

A FRENCH IDEA OF ENGLISH DULNESS.

It is well known that the French have a great horror of anything gloomy; but rarely has this antipathy been more strangely evidenced than in the recent remarks of a writer in the *Gazette de Paris*. He goes so far as to give the credit of the Stockwell tragedy to the dulness of the English Sabbath. He declares that the man evidently killed his wife because he was irritated at having nothing else to do. The monotony of his position was insufferable. There was not even a cat in the house, the only servant had gone out, and he was left alone with his wife. He was prevented using cards or musical instruments by the laws of the Sabbath, and strong drinks were forbidden by his profession. He could invent nothing else to divert himself with between the hours that intervened from sermon time to supper time. "I do not excuse him," concludes the critic, "I pity him. The poor man fell a victim to the English Sunday." This is a novel mode of illustrating Dr. Watts's theory, that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.

BISHOP COLENSO ON THE "SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY."

Messrs. Longman have published another book by Bishop Colenso, setting forth a new series of criticisms on the text of Scripture. The work is a reply to the "New Bible Commentary." The concluding passages of the preface, however, will show the scope of Bishop Colenso's new work:—

> I feel that a crisis has arrived in the history of the Church of England, and that from the peculiar circumstances of the case—from the fact that this work is in some sort put forth as a kind of challenge to myself, as also that, having been so closely engaged in the examination of the Pentateuch, I have at my command without further labour the knowledge necessary to expose at once the numerous fallacies which Bishop Browne has here endorsed with all the authority of the English Episcopate, to be received and taught as religious truths—a duty is laid upon me which I cannot, if I would, evade, and my countrymen—at least those who have been interested in my writings—have a right to expect such a labour as this at my hands. Above all, if no other reason existed for my discharging this duty, I feel bound to do so in the interests of the rising generation, and to protest against the monstrous wrong that will be done to them if, in defiance of all the triumphs of science in the present day, such teaching as this is to be propagated in our schools and colleges as the teaching of the Church of England, with the additional weight and impulse which must be derived from the authority of this "Commentary," if its statements are allowed to be circulated without a direct and complete contradiction. It is certainly a striking and very instructive fact that in this age we see on the one hand the Roman Church maintaining with all its might the infallibility of the Man, and on the other hand the Anglican Church maintaining with like zeal the idolatry of the Book—both from the same insane fear of the truth which God is revealing more and more fully as the ages pass on, and both with the same blind disregard of the fatal consequences which must inevitably follow should their views prevail—namely, the unbounded spread of infidelity and atheism, with all the attendant laxity and license, in the next generation, as it is more and more clearly seen by the multitude that their religious guides have been, after all, but "blind leaders of the blind," and teachers and taught shall fall into the ditch together. My dread of this must be my excuse if at times I have spoken of Bishop Browne and his criticisms with a severity which I would not otherwise use towards one whose private virtues I have always respected, but which the part he has here taken in attempting to bind more closely than ever upon the necks of Englishmen the traditionary yoke which Our Father, in His wise and gracious providence, has loosened for us in the present age and intends us to cast off, must be held, I think, abundantly to justify.

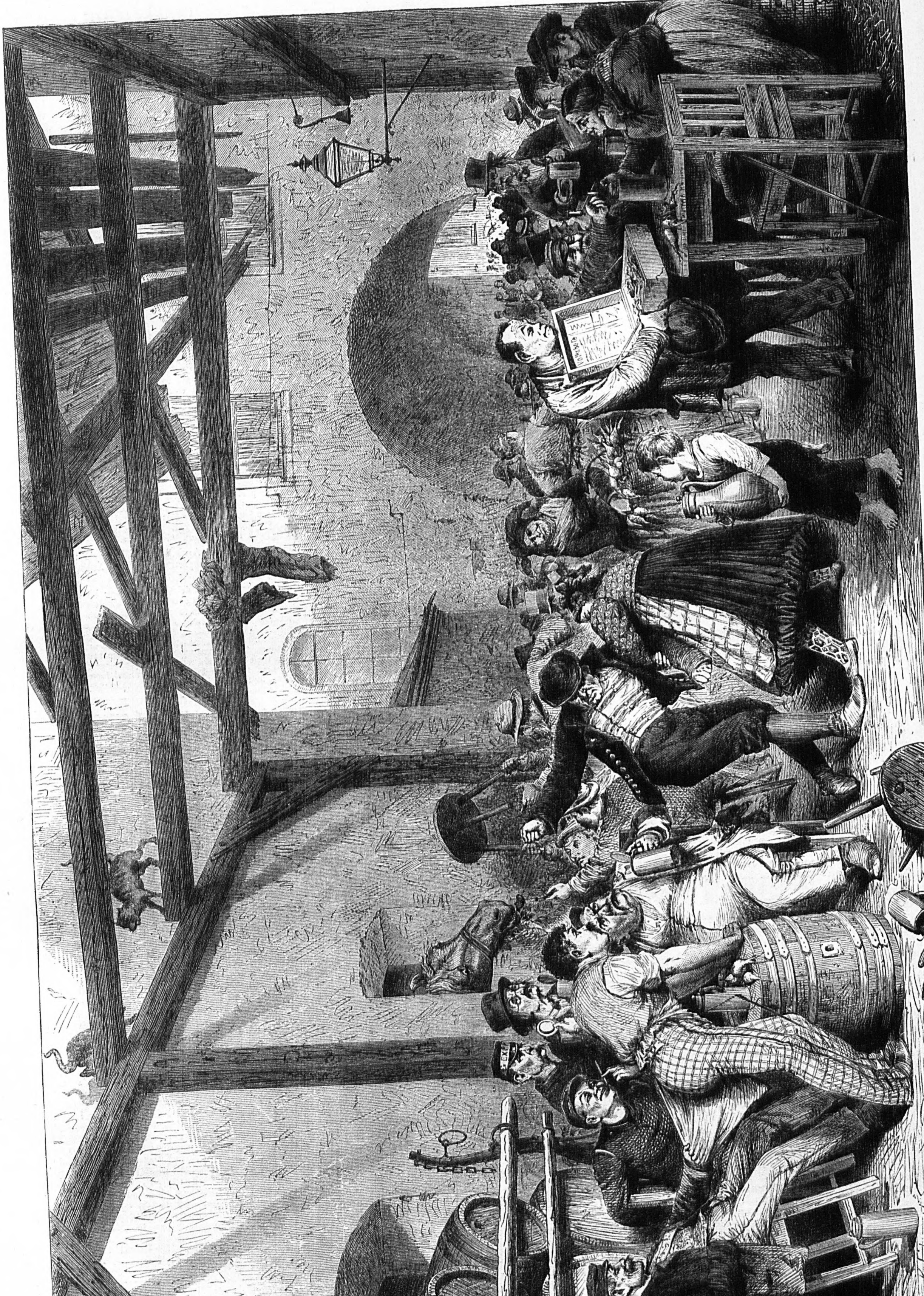
A quotation from Archbishop Whately's remarks on Bacon's Essays is conspicuously printed at the beginning of his book:—

> He who propagates a delusion, and he who connives at it when already existing, both alike tamper with truth. We must neither lead nor leave men to mistake falsehood for truth. Not to undeceive is to deceive. The giving or not correcting false reasons for right conclusions, false grounds for right belief, false principles for right practice—the holding forth or fostering false consolations, false encouragements, or false sanctions, or conniving at their being held forth or believed—are all pious frauds. This springs from, and it will foster and increase, a want of veneration for truth; it is an affront put on the "Spirit of Truth."

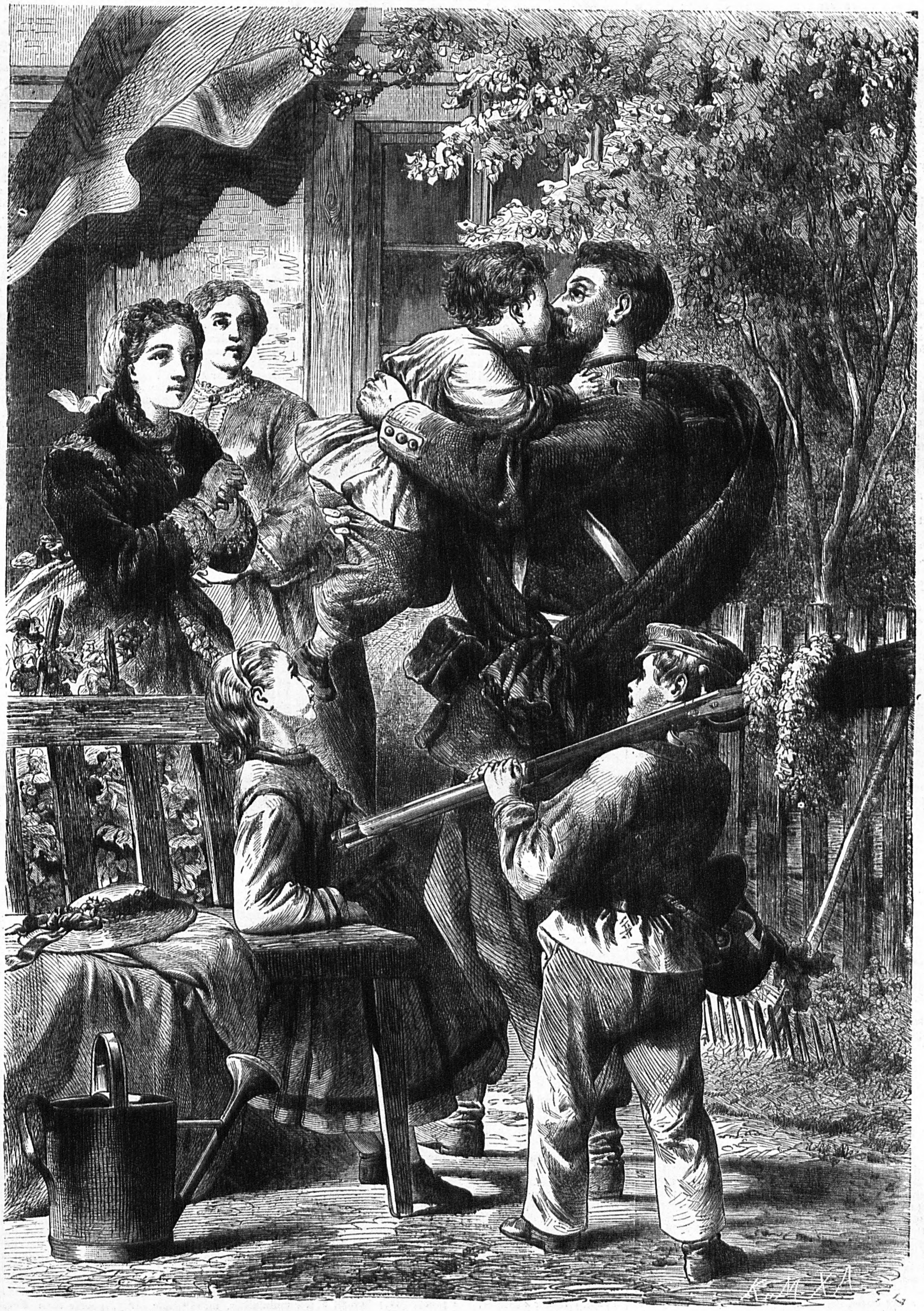
EXTRAORDINARY WELSH GHOST STORY.

A correspondent writes as follows:—"The peaceful little town of Crumlin was, a few days ago, thrown into a state of general excitement; the ghost of an old inhabitant having thought it advisable to pay a visit to his native land, and thus cast a shadow of fear and surprise over the whole neighbourhood. It appears that an aged haulier, or labourer, who lives about Croespenmain, who, it is said, much rather prefers two glasses of beer than one glass of water, and who oftener sleeps in a barn than in a bed, was, a few nights ago, while wrapped in a pacific slumber on his pallet of straw, summoned to awake, and lo! a ghost stood before him! It was about two o'clock, and the following conversation, in Welsh, is said to have ensued:—'John,' said the ghost,' 'you must come with me.' 'Go thy way, and let me alone to sleep,' was John's reply. 'You must come,' said the ghost. 'I will not, and cannot,' replied John. 'You must come, and come willingly; otherwise I will tear thee to pieces,' said the ghost.' 'You may depend I will not; I cannot; I don't know thee,' said John in a rage, when suddenly the apparition disappeared; but returning in a few seconds stood again before John, who, to his great astonishment, recognised in his mysterious visitant a fellow-labourer, who used, years ago, to work with him on the Risca Tram-road. John now consented to accompany him, the ghost giving him the preference of being conveyed by 'uch wynt' or 'is wynt,' that is to say, either through the air or along the road. John said he had never been through the air, and that he would not mind trying it. They went together, and proceeded, according to John's statement, as far as Risca Bridge, a distance of seven miles, or, rather, six miles in a direct line through the air. Here John was put down, and had to throw into the Sirhowy River an old gun, which had been concealed there since the time of the rebellion in Monmouthshire at the close of 1839. Having done this, he was taken back, *en route* 'uch wynt,' and was gently replaced on his bed of straw. It is stated that John manifested a great deal of serenity throughout, and was rather reluctant to part with his 'uch wynt' companion. The above statement is generally believed here, and I have heard respectable tradesmen asserting it to be a fact. Those, of course, who are disposed to give credence to this story are at liberty to endorse the opinion of Lewis Morris (not Lewis Morris, Môn) and others, that Gymraeg is the language of Paradise."—*Western Mail*.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. Barrett.
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.
506] "To Perry Davis & Son, London."



AUSTIN FRIAR BREWHOUSE, MUNICH.



"HOME FROM THE WAR."

M. TAINE'S "NOTES ON ENGLAND."

(From the Paris *Temps*.)

XVIII.—A Trip through Scotland.

I left Manchester for Glasgow at two in the morning. At daybreak I saw the unvaried English landscape, composed of a meadow and a hedgerow on a soil not naturally rich and fertile, as in Flanders, but laboriously tilled, and forced by human industry to yield its increase. Beyond Carlisle the ground is undulating, with long and high slopes which serve for grazing ground; it is a solitude, neither trees nor cultivated fields being visible; here and there is a house; sheep dot with white points the huge green eminences. This everlasting green, always moist and always pale, produces a curious impression.

Nearing Glasgow there are innumerable chimneys, flaming blast-furnaces. I counted as many as sixteen in a heap, Glasgow being like Manchester, a city of iron and coal. It, too, is situated in the district which is coloured black in the maps, and the Clyde makes of it a port, connecting it with the ocean. One is inclined to see in the physical characteristics of the locality the forecast of its history: the green land, the flocks, the dairy produce, the damp and cold climate, the barren soil, engender a carnivorous, an energetic, a stubborn, and an industrious creature; the coal, the iron, the proximity to the sea, the rivers adapted for ports, tempt him to become a manufacturer and a merchant. The population numbers nearly half a million. But the sight of these vast hives is always painful; barefooted children crawl in the mud; women in rags, and whose torn gowns expose their persons, sit at street corners suckling their infants. The climate is worse than at Manchester. It is now the end of July, and the sun is shining, still I do not find my overcoat too heavy. Happily, the human frame can adapt itself to its surroundings. Grown-up girls, lolling upon the grass, have neither stockings nor shoes; little boys are bathing in the river. Besides, particular traits of moral character yield a compensation. I am staying in a hotel frequented by commercial travellers, and during the twenty-four hours, especially at table, I see scores of them. Their physiognomy is a combination of landed proprietor, professor, and shoemaker, that of our commercial travellers being a mixture of the wag and the soldier. Now, in matters of business and commerce, the former character succeeds much better than the latter; and this distinction is not met with among the commercial travellers of the two countries alone.

In the luminous morning mist, amid a line of masts and rigging, the steamboat sailed down the Clyde to the sea. We proceeded along the indented and rugged coast from one bay to another. These bays, being almost entirely closed in, resemble lakes, and the large sheets of water mirror an amphitheatre of green hills. All the corners and windings of the shore are strewn with white villas; the water is crowded with ships; a height was pointed out to me whence three hundred sail may often be counted at a time; a three-decker floats in the distance like a swan among sea-mews. This vast space, spread forth and full of life, dilates the mind, one's chest expands more freely, one joyfully inhales the fresh and keen breeze. But the effect upon the nerves and the heart does not resemble that of the Mediterranean; this air and country, instead of pre-disposing to pleasure, dispose to action.

We enter a small vessel drawn by three horses, which transports us along the Crinan canal, between two banks of green turf. On the one side are rocks covered with brushwood; on the other, steep declivities of a grey or reddish tinge; this, indeed, is colour at last, a pleasure for the eye, well mingled, matched and blending tints. On the bank and amid the bushes are wild roses, and fragile plants with white tufts smile with a delicate and charming grace.

At the outlet from the canal we go on board a large steamer, and the sea opens out wider than ever. The sky exceedingly clear and brilliant, and the waves break in the sunlight, quivering with reflections of molten tin. The vessel continues her course, leaving in her track a bubbling and boiling path; sea gulls follow unweariedly behind her. On both sides, islands, rocks, boldly-cut promontories, end in sharp relief in the pale azure; the scene changes every quarter of an hour. But on rounding every point the infinite ocean reappears, mingling its almost flat line with the curve of the white sky.

The sun sets, we pass Glencoe, and Ben Nevis appears, sprinkled with snow; the bay becomes narrower and the glass of water, confined amid barren mountains, assumes a magic appearance. Human beings have come hither to little purpose; Nature remains indomitable and wild; one feels oneself upon a planet.

We disembark near Fort William; the dying twilight, the fading red rays on the horizon, enable us to get a glimpse of a desolate country; acres of peat-bog, eminences rising from the valley between two ranges of huge mountains. A bird of prey screams amid the stillness. Here and there we see some wretched hovels; I am told that those of the heights are dens without windows, and from which the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. Many of the old men are blind. What an unpropitious abode for man!

On the morrow we voyaged during four hours on the Caledonian Canal amidst solitudes, a monotonous row of tree-less mountains, enormous green eminences, dotted here and there with fallen stones. A few sheep of a dwarf breed crop the scanty herbage on the slopes; sometimes the winter is so severe that they die; in the distance we perceive a shaggy ox, with savage eyes, the size of a small ass. Both plants and animals perish, or are stunted. In order to make such a land yield anything it must first be replanted with trees, as has been done in Sutherlandshire; a tree renews the soil, it also shelters crops, flocks and herds, and human beings.

The canal terminates in a series of lakes. Nothing is more noble than their aspect, nothing more impressive, where water, embrowned by the peat, forms a vast shining main, surrounded by a circle of mountains. In proportion as we advance each mountain slowly grows upon us, becomes more conspicuous, stands forth with its form and physiognomy; the farther blue peaks melt the one behind the other, diminishing towards the horizon, which they close. Thus they stand in position like an assemblage of huge, mournful beings around the black water wherein they are mirrored, while above them and the lake, from time to time, the sun flashes through the shroud of clouds.

At last the solitude becomes less marked. The mountains are half-wooded at first, and then wholly so; they dwindle down, the widening valleys are covered with harvest; the fresh and green verdure of the herbage which supplies forage begins to clothe the hollows and the slopes. We enter Inverness, and we are surprised to find at almost the extreme north of Scotland, on the border of the Highlands, a pretty and lively modern town. It stretches along the two banks of a clear and rapid river. Many houses are newly-built; we note a church, a castle, an iron bridge. In every part are marks of cleanliness, forethought, and special care. The window-panes shine, the frames have been painted; the bell-handles are of copper; there are flowers in the windows; the poorest houses are freshly white-washed. Well-dressed ladies and carefully dressed gentlemen walk along the streets. Even a desire to possess works of art is shown by Ionian pillars, specimens of pure Gothic, and other architectural gimcrackery, and these prove at least the search after improvement. The land itself is clearly of inferior quality; industry, order, economy, and labour have done everything. How great the contrast between all this and the aspect of a small town on the shores of the Mediterranean, so neglected and filthy, where the lower middle-class exist like worms in a worm-eaten beam!

I spent eight days in the neighbourhood with a friend. Nearly all the cottages are well-kept, or renovated. The small farms and the labourers' huts are surrounded with honeysuckle, and have gardens attached, filled with blooming roses. It is true these too low-built dwellings have often only a ground floor, and are narrow, because the cost of building materials is so high. It is also true that the ill-ventilated bed occupies an enclosed space in the wall because of the extreme cold in winter. Yet these drawbacks of soil and climate have been a spur to man. Everywhere, in the lowliest cottages, there are books—the Bible in the first place, in addition a few biographical works, books of travel, guides to health, hand-books of fishing, agricultural treatises, from eight to twenty volumes in all. Nearly all the Scotch peasants can read and write. Our entertainers shook hands with all the honest women and young girls, telling us to do likewise; the latter showed no signs of embarrassment. Each peasant considers himself master in his home, independent in spiritual as in temporal things, charged with his salvation, and this imparts to him a natural dignity. The rich and the gentry do not keep themselves to themselves, nor remain apart out of distrust, dislike, selfishness, as in France; they deliver public lectures, they expend some of their income on public works. A church built by one of them was pointed out to me; another, who had erected a suspension bridge, requests the passengers in a notice to walk their horses across it. The wall round his park is but two feet in height; every one may enter, to injure anything being alone forbidden.

Between Keith and Aberdeen I met an excursion train, in which all the carriages were crowded. Their occupants were going to a religious meeting, a gathering for edification, and the expression of Protestant emotion; a Revival which many celebrated preachers were to address. The crowd is so great that it is necessary to telegraph for more carriages, and yet in many carriages young girls may be seen sitting upon men's knees. My neighbour says that twenty thousand persons will be present; some of them come from great distances, from fifty to sixty miles. During the stoppage of the train, the women began to sing a psalm with an air of sincerity and conviction; the sacred music here is always grave and sweet, and never fails to afford me pleasure. The carriages are third-class, and their occupants are shopkeepers, workmen, agricultural labourers, all of them dressed like our lower middle class; their clothes, made of grey or brown cloth, are clean and often new; their physiognomies are lively and intelligent; the race appears more active, more astute than in England. These are the common people, but they are clearly better cultured than our villagers.

On arriving at the hotel, which was a temperance one, I found on the landlady's table, amid many moral romances and books of devotion, a tract containing an apology for Revivals. In it the exclamations, the faintings, and the impassioned manifestations are justified. "In the highest circles, a mother, a father, are beside themselves for joy when a son returns whom they had given up for lost, and no one condemns their conduct as irrational; how much more natural is it to act likewise when the soul suddenly feels that it is saved, being redeemed by grace?" A clergyman censures Sir Walter Scott in a newspaper for having brought the Covenanters into disfavour by his novels. To me it seems that the Presbyterian form of Protestantism is the appropriate form here, sad, grandiose, limited in range, excellently fitted for leading man to look inwards, for making him inclined to labour, and for making him endure the burden of life.

At service, on Sunday, there are no paintings, statues, or instrumental music. The church is a plain meeting-house, supplied with seats furnished with a gallery on the first floor, very well adapted for public lectures; in truth, divine service here is nothing but a moral lecture. The minister takes for his text, "We must work out our own salvation," must not wait for help from others, must make an effort, must act by ourselves; God will help us, grant us His grace, not because of our exertions (it being given gratuitously), but in proportion to our exertions. The sermon was well delivered, soberly and judiciously, being devoid of set phrases or ejaculations. Though rather abstract, the precept is practical and may awaken reflections and individual reasoning in some heads, more especially in winter or when rain falls. To follow continuously such argumentation with the help of the New or Old Testament text is an occupation elevating to the mind and provocative of work for the conscience. Besides the sermon, the service consisted of reading certain passages of Scripture, especially from St. Paul; of prayers in prose spoken aloud, psalms and hymns sung by the congregation. The prayers and the hymns were correctly insipid and wholly modern; no one has really known how to address God since the great literary age of Shakespeare and Milton. But the psalms, though feebly rendered, are sustained by the strength of their sentiment and spirit; even at this day a soul in trouble, conscious of its responsibility, can enter into their meaning; they are the dialogue of the human heart and the Eternal Judge alone and face to face. By means of them, amidst controversial theology, dry preaching, and monotonous labour, the moral sentiment expands into a poetical flower. It is not too much to have one flower, one only, in a religion of which the usages and the dogmas resemble a thicket of briars. The congregation was very attentive; I am told that Scotland is even more religious than England; the most rigid Presbyterianism has not been considered in Scotland to be sufficiently rigid. In 1843, many persons thought that the presentation of ministers by a patron was contrary to the law of God; hence was formed the Free Church, which is maintained by the voluntary subscriptions of its members. She became the equal of the Established Church within the space of a few years. At present she has an income of £300,000 sterling; she has founded 700 schools; she has adherents in every village. From the trifling importance of the point in dispute, from the thoroughness of the separation that was effected, from the promptitude, the vastness, and the cost of the work which was accomplished, may be estimated the theological susceptibility and the zeal of the contributors. The like remark applies to Sunday observance; compared with that of Edinburgh, a London Sunday is pleasant.

The surrounding landscape is very neat and very pretty; the soil appears to be mediocre; but the tillage is less regular than in England. A ruder Nature lends herself more reluctantly to discipline; the surface is undulating and would please a painter. Flowers abound, they are delicate and dainty, more particularly the wild roses, which bloom along all the road-sides. Small, clear, and murmuring streams meander through the meadows. On the slopes the violet heaths are spread like a silken carpet under the scanty firs. Higher still are large patches of evergreen wood, and, as soon as the mountain is approached, a brown circle of barren eminences may be discerned towards the horizon. At the end of an hour the desert begins; the climate is inimical to life, even to that of plants. A tarn, the tint of burnt topaz, lies cold and sadly between stony slopes whereon a few tufts of fern and heather grow here and there. Half a league higher is a second tarn, which appears still more dismal in the rising mist. Around patches of snow are sprinkled on the peaks, and these descending in rivulets produce morasses. The small country ponies, with a sure instinct, surmount the bog, and we arrive at an elevation whence the eye, as far as it can reach, embraces nothing but an amphitheatre of desolate, yet green summits; owing to the destruction of the timber, everything else has perished; a scene of ruined nature is far more melancholy a spectacle than any human ruins. On our return across the lake, a bag-piper played on his instrument. The music is strange and wild, its effects harmonising with the aspect of the bubbling streams, veined with striking or sombre reflections. The same simple note, a kind of dance music, runs through the whole piece in an incorrect and odd manner, and continually recurs, but it is always harsh and rough; it might be likened to an orange shrivelled with the cold and rendered bitter.

These are the Highlands. From Braemar to Perth we journey through them for many long miles. It is always a solitude; sometimes five or six valleys in succession are wholly bare, and one may travel for an hour without seeing a tree; then for another hour it is rare merely to see in the distance a wretched twisted birchen-tree, which is dying or is dead. It would be some compensation if the rock were naked, and exhibited its mineral structure in all its fulness and ruggedness. But these mountains, of no great elevation, are but bosses with flabby outlines, they have fallen to pieces, and are stone heaps, resembling the remains of a quarry. In winter, torrents of water uproot the heather, leaving on the slopes a leprous, whitened scar, badly tinted by the too feeble sun. The summits are truncated, and want boldness. Patches of miserable verdure seam their sides and mark the oozing of springs; the remainder is covered by brownish heather. Below, at the very bottom, a torrent obstructed by stones struggles along its channel, or lingers in stagnant pools. One sometimes discerns a hovel, with a stunted cow. The grey, low-lying sky, completes the impression of lugubrious monotony.

Our conveyance ascends the last mountain. At length we see a steep declivity, a great rocky wall; but it is unique. We descend again, and enter a habitable tract. Cultivation occurs first on the lower parts, then on the slopes; the declivities are wooded, and then entire mountains; forests of firs spread their sombre mantle over the crests; fields of oats and barley extend on all sides; we perceive pretty clumps of trees, houses surrounded by gardens and flowers, and then the culture of all descriptions upon the lessening hills, here and there a park and a modern mansion. The sun bursts forth and shines merrily, but without heat; the fertile plain expands, abounding in promises of convenience and pleasure, and we enter Perth thinking about the historical narrations of Sir Walter Scott, and the contrast between the mountain and the plain, the revilings and scornings interchanged between the inhabitants of the Highlands and the Lowlands. From Perth to Edinburgh the landscape continues attractive and varied. More undulating, more fragmentary, poorer than England, Scotland is more picturesque; Nature, less uniform and less tractable, is not there a mere manufactory of milk and meat.

So is Edinburgh compared with London. Instead of a regular, modern, and flat city, the centre of business, of comfort, and of luxury, we find an old city rich in contrasts, extending over three valleys and several eminences, where steep streets, tall houses, the multiplied imprints of the past, afford unexpected views. A feudal castle crowns one of the heights. Thence, in descending towards Holyrood, along the sides of the street, old-fashioned alleys plunge abruptly towards the bottom; these are the wynds and closes, genuine dens of the middle ages, whereof the walls blackened by rain and smoke have retained their leprosy during four hundred years. Round or square towers cling together and hang over. Narrow, odd-looking and ill-shapen windows are barred like the air holes of a prison. Stone stairs, with low and slimy steps, wind in the obscurity of the interior, amidst creeping shadows of which a ray of light makes us feel the depth. On the steps are crowds of infants, with bare feet, white skulls, and crouching men taking food, recalling the fantastic figures, the semi-glooms, the strange guests which people the cellars of Rembrandt.

Quantities of statues, of Gothic and chiefly Grecian monuments, and two picture galleries. The Calton-hill, with its colonnade and two or three temples, aspires to be an Acropolis, and the erudite, lettered, and philosophical city styles itself the Northern Athens. But how greatly out of place is antique architecture here! The pale haze, scourged by the wind, floats and spreads itself in all directions. A vapoury veil lingers on the declivity of the Calton-hill and winds around its columns. The climate is at variance with these forms of a dry and warm country, and the wants, the tastes, the habits of the people here are more at variance still. For example, in this place the prevailing temptation is to give way to drunkenness; and temperance societies oppose it by a mixture of Biblical maxims and utilitarian arguments. Concerning this subject, I saw placards on which two expressive figures are pourtrayed, the one representing "a man," the worker, the other "a thing," the drunkard; while appropriate precepts are written underneath. Sixpence a day for ale and tobacco make so much at the year's end, and it is proved by statistics that with this sum so many articles of bedding or of furniture, so many pairs of shoes, so many shirts may be purchased, along with the indispensable Family Bible. This calculation and this mention of the Bible are traits of character. On entering the picture gallery afterwards, and looking at the three or four great works by Vandyck, one by Garafolo, one by Veronese, and especially two sketches of women by Tintoret, I felt as if transported to the opposite side of the globe.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP RANGOON.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Times*, under date Galle, November 2:—

The early arrival of the steamer with the English mail from Suez, and of the steamship *Rangoon* with the Australian mail at the present monthly gathering at Galle, intensified the feeling of the delay attendant on the late appearance of the steamship *Travancore*, from China. Passengers from and to Australia were waiting here from Saturday, the 28th ult., very impatient for the tardy China boat, and grumbling over the loss of three days at least in the despatch of the home mails to the colonies, since the *Rangoon* was ready to start on Monday. The contract date of departure was only up, however, last evening, and not till then was the order given by the local Peninsular and Oriental Company's agent for the Australian steamer to start without waiting longer for the China mails and passengers; unless indeed —and on this very important results afterwards turned— the steamer was met outside the harbour, in which case an endeavour was to be made to have the packets and passengers transferred to the *Rangoon* by her laying-to.

The hour appointed for the *Rangoon's* departure was six p.m., and precisely at that hour, although she had not received the local mails on board, she weighed anchor, in order to clear the harbour with daylight. Arrived at the mouth, speed was slackened, if not entirely stopped, while the mail boat came up, the pilot being, of course, still in charge. He, however, as well as the officers on board, had no idea of the strength of the current—always very powerful on the Ceylon coast off Galle—on this particular evening running, it was afterwards estimated, at the rate of five miles an hour. Be this as it may, certain it is that the steamer came under its influence to so great an extent, although imperceptibly until too late to the pilot, that before her dangerous position was observed she had drifted most unwarrantably close to a beacon placed on the outer Kadir Rock. The alarm was taken up by both captain and pilot when this beacon's close proximity was observed, but it was too late—the *Rangoon* was already alongside of the rock, and with two or three tremendous shocks she struck, knocking more than one hole in her plates aft, which holes at once began to leak at a fearful rate. This occurred between twenty minutes and half past six o'clock, or not more than half an hour after leaving the anchorage. Any one who has made the voyage on even the best managed mail steamers on the overland route, will understand the general unsettlement of affairs, among passengers especially, which always prevails for the first few hours after leaving port; and to this customary confusion there was most unfortunately added on board the *Rangoon* the presence of a crew shipped but a few hours previous to starting. Not that these circumstances in any way affected the fatal collision, but they show the unfortunate position of affairs at the moment. The result of the collision, however, left no time for anything but immediate action. Water was rushing in at such a rate that the only chance of keeping it under lay in the steam pumps and machinery being kept working. The engines were forthwith started, but preparations were simultaneously made to land the passengers—ladies and children first —while blue lights, rockets, and, later on, signal guns were used to apprise the steamers in the harbour and authorities ashore of the danger. But, unfortunately, the fact that the China steamer was expected, and that the *Rangoon* might meet her, interfered to prevent due attention being paid to either the rockets or signal guns. Both were regarded, the rockets especially, as the means used of signalising, between the departing Australian and the incoming China steamer, and very few suspected any grounds for anxiety. Before seven o'clock a report reached the Master-Attendant of the port that the *Rangoon* was in trouble. He at once left a service in church which he had been attending, and was soon on the way to the spot indicated; but, arrived there, the *Rangoon* was seen dimly under way in the distance, apparently steaming on her long journey, with an occasional rocket as if to attract the notice of the steamship *Travancore* should she heave in sight. Captain Blyth, the Master-Attendant, returned ashore, and on hearing guns afterwards made no doubt that the China steamer and the *Rangoon* were in communication. Meantime, it will be understood that the *Rangoon* had got underway to keep afloat. What seems to some a mistake appears to have been made here in not turning her head back to the harbour, and with full steam on endeavouring to beach her. She was instead turned in the direction of a couple of large sailing vessels, the *Bernice* and the *Sydenham*, lying from two to three miles off the harbour, and the passengers were now got into the boats, amid some confusion, and were carried to these ships. Luggage, except such as could be carried in the hands, was properly forbidden at a time when precious lives were at stake, for now, seven p.m., the report came from the chief engineer that his engine fires could not be kept lighted much longer, as the water was rapidly rising in the stokeholes. The crews of the *Bernice* and the *Sydenham* at once came to the assistance of the hapless steamer. A boat was despatched to the harbour for further aid from the consorts stationed there; but every moment was critical now, and the engine fires having collapsed, there was nothing further to be done for the *Rangoon*—the safety of crew, of mails, and luggage became, therefore, the only consideration. Accordingly, the anchor was let go in about fifteen fathoms of water, and to steady the vessel against the strong current two sails were set, the wind being in the opposite direction to the current. Luggage and a portion of the mails were got into the boats, and, as the *Rangoon* was fast filling, all proposed to leave her.

Meantime, the officer making for the harbour despatched a messenger from the steamship *Baroda* ashore, and very soon after the Master-Attendant and local agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Company made their way on board. It was now after eight o'clock. Before seven (dinner hour) the rumour had reached the Oriental Hotel that the *Rangoon* had struck on a rock; but as it came from a native source, unauthenticated, not much attention was paid to it, and the general belief at the dinner-table among local residents, Indian, and homeward bound passengers, was that the rockets and guns meant the arrival of the long-expected China mail, and the consequent signalising. Not till nine p.m. did authentic intelligence arrive, through the *Baroda's* officers, and a message was at the same time conveyed from the Master-Attendant to the Trinity House engineer (engaged in supervising the erection of the Great Basses Lighthouse) to get up steam on his steam tenders, the steamships *Arrow* and *Hercules*, and come to the aid of the *Rangoon*. Mr. Douglas lost not a moment in complying, but the opportunity for giving succour had already passed before these boats got out.

The night was a peculiarly calm one; the water even outside the harbour comparatively smooth; and the moon, which during the early part of the night had been nearly lost in obscurity, between nine and ten o'clock appeared, and cast a mild brightness over the scene where the fine large mail steamer *Rangoon* was fast settling down to what is likely to be her last resting place. About this time, ten or half-past ten p.m., the water was rushing across the main-deck with every heave of the vessel. The *Rangoon* lay parallel to the *Sydenham*, about 150 yards farther out, the *Bernice* being still nearer the shore. On board these ships were the passengers, stewards, company, &c. The captain, officers, and crew hovered round the gallant vessel in her boats, while even closer in were native canoes, the occupants of which, at the risk of their lives, watched any articles swept off the decks, or even ventured on board to plunder the saloon and fore cabins. The little steamers *Arrow* and *Hercules* now arrived, but it was too late to raise the *Rangoon's* anchor and take her in tow. It became a matter of surprise, in fact, how long she held out, and her strong build was well shown by this circumstance. About midnight, however, she began to settle down, and yet there were still to the unprofessional eye indications that she might hold out. The natives evidently thought so, for their canoes were alongside and some of their wreckers on board, when at half-past twelve there was a steady, though unexpected plunge of the stern, and the *Rangoon's* stem pointing upwards disappeared. Whatever natives were on board —three it is supposed—perished, and the canoes close by ran much risk. In fact, the sudden foundering showed that the appearances which called for the *Rangoon's* abandonment an hour and a-half before justified that step. With her saloon half full of water nothing could then be saved, and had it not been for her exceptionally strong build the steamer must have sunk much before she actually disappeared.

Settling down in about fifteen fathoms of water two masts of the *Rangoon* still projected fifteen feet to twenty feet above the surface, and for some time the remnants of coops and spars covered the spot. The different boats, filled with crew and spectators, now made for the shore. Many of the passengers, laden with *impedimenta* of the most various kind, followed, arriving in detachments at the Oriental Hotel up to three or four a.m. A good deal of luggage seems to have been lost, besides all but the local (or Ceylon) mails for Australia. It is a fortunate thing now that the China mails and cargo were not in; although, humanly speaking, had the *Travancore* not been overdue and the *Rangoon* gone right away from the harbour without laying to, there would have been no drifting on to the rock. For the unaccountable forgetfulness of the current and want of watchfulness, the pilot, I believe, confesses his responsibility. But the official inquiry has not yet been made. A diver is to make experiments, but there is little hope of the mails being recovered in a state to be serviceable. A steamer from Bombay is expected to take the *Rangoon's* place, and this will lead to a delay of four or five days before the passengers for Australia and the mails, such as they are, are sent to their destination. The screw steamer *Rangoon* was a vessel of about 1,776 tons, 450-horse power, built in 1863, and had, under Captain Skottowe, made two of the quickest trips on record between Sydney and Galle, arriving down last time six days before the contract date, and coming into Galle two days early. Captain Skottowe has the reputation of being one of the most careful, as he is among the most experienced, officers in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's service. This was, we believe, to have been his last voyage to the colonies, his intention being to retire very shortly.

Another instance, and a severe one, has been added to those already given of the dangers besetting the Galle harbour and coast, off which dangerous currents and rocks abound. Engaged as Mr. R. Townshend, C.E., now is on a special mission, by direction of the Secretary of State, to report on Colombo harbour, it is to be hoped that the project he will shortly submit to the local Government may permit of a really safe and commodious harbour at that port; and should the opening of a navigable Paumbum channel follow, there could be no further difficulty in abandoning Galle in favour of Colombo for the mail steamer port. The Peninsular and Oriental Company has, however, certain vested rights in Galle; but these cannot be weighed against the risk attendant on their fine, expensive steamers amid the rocks abounding there.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

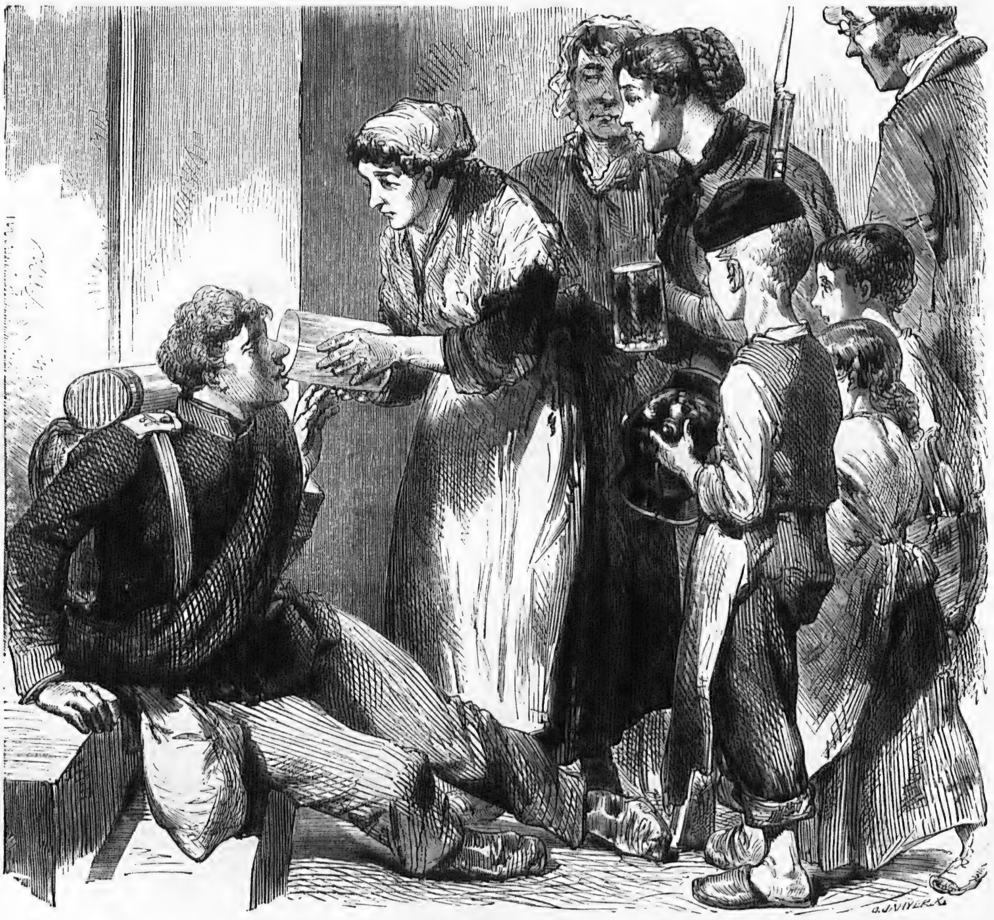
THE following extraordinary story is extracted from the Indian papers received on Sunday, *viâ* Brindisi:—

"Some days ago a Zoroastrian family, flying from the famine and pestilence in Yezd, travelled on foot to Bunder Abbas in the hope of finding relief and being sent on to Bombay by Khosroo, the brother of Godrez Mehrwen, a Persian merchant of Bombay, who has the charge of a fund raised at Bombay. They had to endure the greatest hardships from a scarcity of food; and, prostrated by fatigue and starvation, the husband unfortunately died before the party reached their destination. Having disposed of his last remains in the best way they could under the circumstances, the rest of the family—a middle-aged woman and her daughter, about sixteen years of age—continued their journey on foot to Bunder Abbas. At the latter place they were taken care of by Khosroo, and it was arranged to send them, along with other suffering Zoroastrians, by a buggalow bound for Bombay. They were about to proceed on board when the girl became very ill at the Bunder. Medical assistance was obtained without loss of time, but she got worse. Life was fast ebbing away; she became cold, and in a few minutes more was given up as dead. Her mother, though frantic with grief for the loss of her child, was prevailed upon to embark on board the buggalow that was ready to leave the port. Before doing so she performed a last duty to her child, and giving some kerones (coin) to a Persian, begged of him to consign the dead body to a proper place. The buggalow started for Bombay. The Persian pocketed the money; but, leaving the girl's corpse to lie upon the beach, he went his way. The unfortunate mother, the only surviving member of the family that fled from Yezd, arrived in Bombay a few days ago by the buggalow named, we believe, the *Mozuffer*. She was housed at the Chowpatty Dhurmsalla, and related the story of her misfortunes to sympathising hearts, some countrywomen who had preceded her to Bombay. One of her listeners knew the woman, as well as her girl who was described as having died on the beach at Bunder Abbas. But she also knew that she had seen the girl in Bombay, and that she was engaged as a servant to a Parsee gentleman residing at Colabar. A consultation took place between some of the women living at the dhurmsalla, and the girl was brought there from her master's house. The mother was told that her daughter was not dead, and that she was in Bombay. The death scene at Bunder Abbas was fresh in her memory, and she wept piteously at the apparent mockery of her mental anguish, made by her own countrywomen. She could sooner believe that the sun had descended to earth than that her dead girl could be seen alive in Bombay. She talked of the kerones she had paid for the body being consigned to its last resting place, and wept again for the dear one who had died before her eyes. Gentle persuasion at last soothed her feelings, and in a fitting moment, when the suddenness of the surprise might not operate injuriously, the mother and the lost child were clasped in each other's embrace. The violence of the excitement having abated, mutual explanations ensued. The heat of the sun as the girl was left on the beach at Bunder Abbas, apparently dead, warmed her into life again. She was removed by some passers-by to the house of Khosroo, where she was properly taken care of, and soon become convalescent. A steamer was about to leave for Bombay with a number of famished Persians, and she was put on board of her with the others. The steamer arrived in Bombay several days before the buggalow by which the girl's mother was a passenger. On her arrival at the dhurmsalla at Chowpatty, a Parsee gentleman good-naturedly took her into his service, and she was residing at his house in Colabar when her mother arrived in Bombay. And they met each other— the grieving mother and her lost child—under the judicious arrangement made by their kind friends. The story may serve as one illustration more of the correctness of the saying, that 'Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.'"

JUSTICE IN FRANCE.

THE correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Paris on Saturday night, says:—

Another scandalous instance has occurred of the triumphant acquittal of a murderer of a German soldier; and this time a Seine jury has incurred the disgrace of denying justice and glorifying crime. The facts are undisputed. On the 5th of September last, a discharged French soldier named Desiré Narcissus Cæsar Tonnelet, who had been carried a prisoner into Germany from Metz, went to dine with some friends at a tavern at Fontenay, near Vincennes. Over the bottle the remark was made that there were Prussians not further off than the neighbouring village of Nogent. Thereupon, the hero of Metz, Narcissus Cæsar, expressed the opinion that they ought all to be killed, adding that, for his own part, if he could only catch one "in a corner" he would do for him. Subsequently, he offered to bet two bottles of wine that he would kill a Prussian before night. The repast over, at about four in the afternoon, the party sallied forth and marched towards Nogent. They were all more or less the worse for liquor, but it was in evidence that Narcissus Cæsar was the least drunk of the lot. They insulted and threatened several German soldiers and a Prussian officer walking with his wife. The officer passed on without taking any notice. The prisoner ran several yards after one Prussian, swearing he would kill him, but he thought better of it and rejoined his comrades. At half past six in the evening, when the revellers had got as far as the hamlet of Montereau, Narcissus Cæsar, seeing a German soldier walking peaceably on the other side of the road, ran across and asked him if he was not a Prussian. The man, who turned out to be a private in the 2nd Thuringian Regiment, named Denmuller, replied, "Yes, I Saxon, thou French." Thereupon, Narcissus Cæsar drew an open knife which he had concealed about his person and stabbed Denmuller with it so vigorously that he fell dead on the spot. The party ran away. Narcissus Cæsar being swifter of foot than the others escaped to Paris. Some of his friends were arrested, but as they were only spectators of the murder the Germans released them. French justice had yesterday to deal with the assassin in the Paris Assize Court. The presiding judge, M. Thevenin, in a series of leading questions, encouraged the prisoner to complain of bad feeling and ill-usage, which he had endured when a prisoner in Pomerania. In consequence of this ill-treatment, he admitted having said, that if the war were to recommence he would willingly sacrifice his life to kill a Prussian. "Oh!" exclaimed the judge, "if that were all, I should praise instead of blaming you; we all hate them; but what the witnesses prove is that you said you would kill a Prussian if you could get him in a corner; that is a widely different thing. Kill your enemy if you can on the battle-field, but don't assassinate him. Our national dignity is interested not to tolerate such a deed." The prisoner then pretended that Denmuller had struck him in the face, and put his hand on the hilt of his sword, and that he had drawn the knife in self-defence. Being reminded by the judge that he had never said anything of the kind on his first examination, he offered the excuse that he then had a bad cold, and was bothered. The evidence clearly showed that the plea of self-defence was an afterthought, and that the murdered man was attacked without any provocation whatever. Moreover, M. Lachaud, the prisoner's counsel, did not place his defence upon this ground. The Advocate-General Thomas, in a short speech for the prosecution, said truly enough that whatever the feelings of the jury might be, it would be dangerous not to do justice even to Prussians, because they were still in possession of six departments, and might be provoked to take terrible reprisals. M. Lachaud's speech for the defence I do not hesitate to characterise as perfectly disgraceful to the profession of an advocate. He said he hardly thought it necessary to address the jury, as he well knew they would never give a verdict against an honest fellow who had been actuated by a deep feeling of patriotism. His client belonged to a respectable family, was a good workman, had never belonged to political societies, and his brother had received six wounds while fighting the Germans. Who could blame him for hating the Prussians? In this hatred lay the hope and honour of the country. The Prussians were so treacherous that they were not entitled to French justice. French diplomacy was honest, but that of Prussia was not. It was all very well to talk about national dignity and impartial justice. These were fine words, by listening to which France would always be a dupe. Prince Bismarck would be the first to laugh if the jury were simple enough to convict his client. These were times in which ordinary ideas of justice must be suspended. When Prussia behaved better it would be time to resume them. He concluded by reading an article from that very veracious journal, the *Gaulois*, complaining of hardships inflicted upon the population of Epernay, where lately a countryman of Narcissus Cæsar, who has not been discovered, murdered a German in the streets. M. Lachaud's doctrine was adopted by the jury, and apparently by the audience, which greeted the acquittal by a murmur of applause, which would have been more marked had not the judge repressed the commencement of the manifestation.



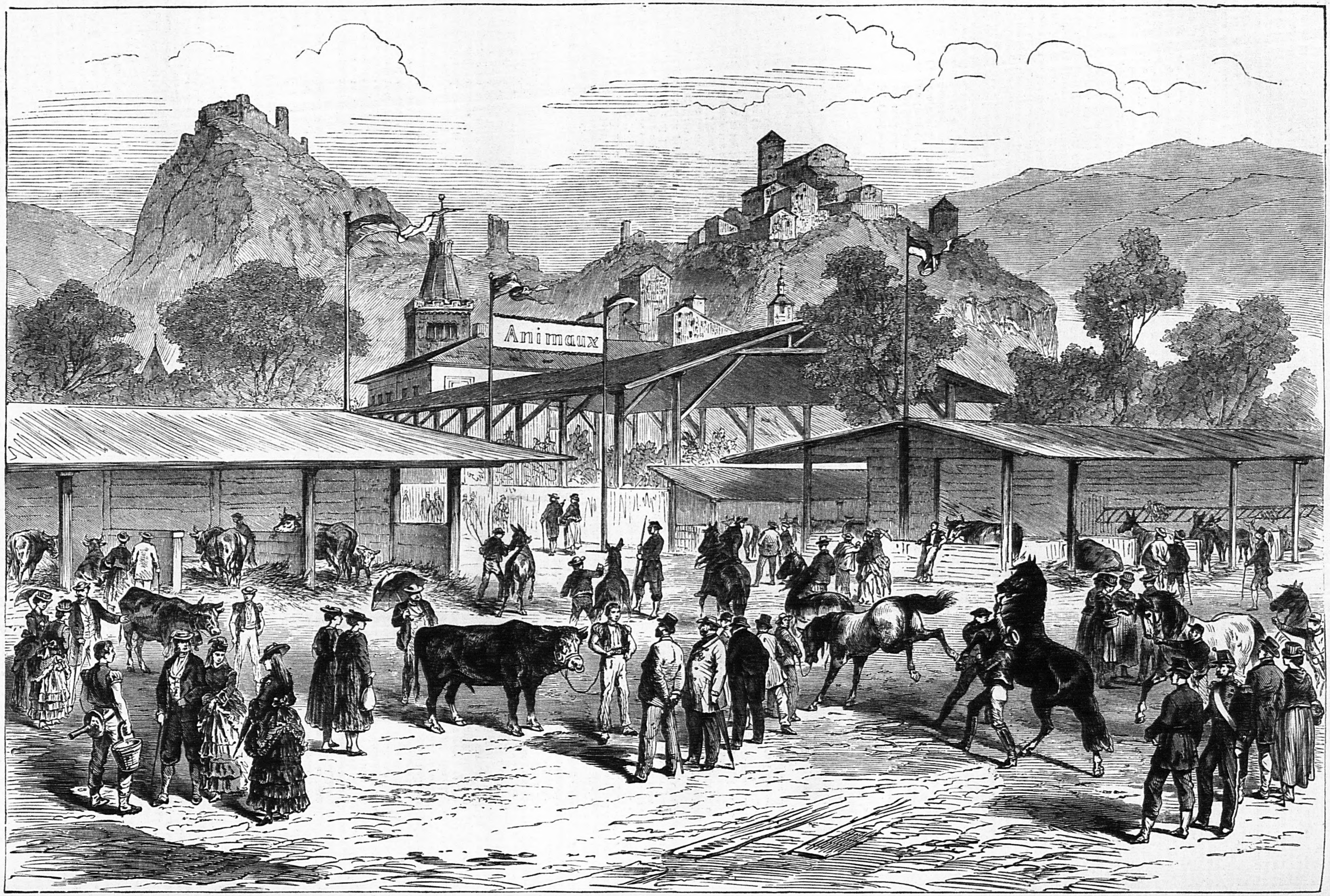
SICK AND WOUNDED.

While the murder of an inoffensive Prussian is regarded as a meritorious act by the civil tribunals of France, justice of a widely different quality is administered by the Versailles Courts-martial. The third court has astonished, and I may add terrified, the Parisian journalists, by inflicting upon M. Louis Ulbach, the editor of the *Cloche*, the tremendous sentence of three years' imprisonment and 6,000 francs fine, for having been so bold as to criticise the court's proceedings. On November 10th a young man named Duprat, who wrote accounts of the corn and vegetable markets in the *Cloche*, was tried before this court-martial for having borne arms under the Commune. M. Ulbach being called as a witness to character, was asked very roughly both by the President and the Judge-Advocate whether the *Cloche* had not supported the Commune. On denying the imputations and referring to the notorious fact that he was in great danger from the Commune, and had hidden himself to avoid arrest, the Judge-Advocate said, "Oh! that does not matter. Rochefort also ran away, and yet he was for the Commune." M. Duprat, for whose career as a Communist officer M. Ulbach was in no way responsible, was sentenced to transportation. The next day M. Ulbach wrote in the *Cloche* an article expressive of astonishment that the President should have accused the *Cloche* of supporting the Commune, and lamenting in terms certainly not complimentary to the court, but at the same time by no means violent, that such "profound ignorance" of current events should prevail among military officers, upon whom as matters stand the responsibility devolves of judging the most complicated and delicate questions in the last resort. Had M. Ulbach stopped here, I believe no harm would have happened to him. But when he had finished his article he committed the extreme imprudence of sending a copy of his paper under cover to every member of the court-martial. This was a most unjustifiable, as well as a foolish proceeding. Judges, whether civil or military, could not perform their duties with independence and necessary comfort if they were liable to be harassed by personal complaints from anybody who may feel aggrieved by their decisions. M. Ulbach, by sending the paper in such a way as to call the attention of the members of the court individually to his article, put himself in direct personal collision with them, set them at defiance, and left it to be inferred, if they took no notice of the challenge, that they were wrong and he was right. This, which was the strong point of the court, is not, however, the one on which it has taken action M. Ulbach was not indicted for contempt of court, but for a "false report" of a trial, and for defamation. The objection that his article was not a report at all, but merely a criticism, was disposed of at once by the Judge-Advocate, who said that a single "word" relative to the proceedings of a court-martial constituted it a report. The falsity in this case consisted in representing the President to have "asserted" that the *Cloche* supported the Commune, whereas he merely asked the question whether it did not support the Commune. M. Ulbach will carry sympathy with him when he asks whether such a question put to him in an imperious tone by the court was not equivalent to an assertion. And yet, for this "false report" alone, he is condemned to three years' imprisonment; for on the charge of defamation, consisting in taxing the members of the court with ignorance, he was found not guilty.

WE learn from Vienna that the new Austrian Ministry took the oaths of office on Saturday. An Imperial decree was issued the same day dissolving the Diets of Upper Austria, Carniola, Bukowina, Moravia, and Vorarlberg, and ordering fresh elections to be held immediately. The Diets are to meet on the 18th of December.

A TELEGRAM has been received by the owners in Glasgow, announcing the loss of the fine new Clyde clipper *Lochleven*, on King's Island, Hudson's Bay. Captain Brunscombe was drowned, but the others landed in safety.

THE Emperor of Germany has been graciously pleased to confer the Cross of Merit on Mrs. Henry Templer for services rendered to the sick and wounded during the late war.



AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT SITTEN, SWITZERLAND.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE stipendiary magistrate at Sheffield was occupied during the whole of Saturday in investigating the serious charge against the late head nurse in the lunatic ward at the Eccleshall workhouse. The case has occupied the greater portion of five days, and it was only completed at five o'clock on Saturday evening. The stipendiary said he should commit the prisoner for trial.

A MISUNDERSTANDING is said to have arisen between Prussia and Brazil, in consequence of a German naval officer and two cadets having been arrested at Rio, and three men-of-war are to be sent from Kiel to the Brazils.

A MADRID telegram states that all efforts to effect a reconciliation between the two fractions of the Progressist party are wholly unsuccessful. The publication of the Republican manifesto is postponed.

FROM New York we learn that the reported recall of General Schenck from London has been officially contradicted; further, that ex-Comptroller Conolly has been placed under arrest on a charge connected with the city frauds.

A REPUBLICAN club was opened at Bolton on Saturday evening. The proceedings are described as having been somewhat disorderly.

THE Limerick Corporation on Saturday made it a *sine quâ non* that their mayor for the ensuing year should pledge himself to support denominational education.

THE Spanish authorities have discovered in the prison of the Saladero, at Madrid, several documents relative to robberies both effected and projected, and also false stamps and seals of the Madrid tribunals, as well as of the departments of small arms and commissariat. False seals of several of the Ministries and foreign Embassies were also discovered, and a stamp for heading paper used by the Empress Eugénie for private correspondence. Ten persons in the prison are known to be implicated, and they have other accomplices in Spain and abroad.

THE Americans seem to be in some difficulty about the counsel who will represent them at the Geneva arbitration. The *New York Times* says, "It is positively known, though not officially announced, that Judge R. R. Curtis, of Massachusetts, has declined the position of counsel. The names of ex-Attorney-General Hoar and Hon. Richard H. Dana are among others mentioned as under consideration in connection with the vacancy."

ACCORDING to a telegram from Constantinople, published in a German paper, Russian designs are again alarming the Porte. Montenegro and Servia are now said to be conspiring in the interest of the northern Power, and have received from her a supply of breech-loading and other artillery.

A REWARD of £500 is offered for the apprehension of the man who forged the name of the Secretary to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, in a telegram which professed to come from him, announcing the completion of arrangements for a lease of his railway by the Midland Railway Company.

IN a letter to the *Times*, "A Whig" says that amongst the Liberal party the suspicion is gradually increasing that the pace is too rapid for safety; that, in fact, they are being conducted by no circuitous route to the very state of affairs they most dread, and he adds:—"The nature of our Premier—enthusiastic, impulsive, versatile, squeezable—is not reassuring. Of course we admire the appetite for hard work that enables him to study seventeen hours a day, and to make 178 speeches in a session; but we would willingly exchange it for a little more repose."

A MELBOURNE telegram says the Hart Ministry has resigned, and the Hon. Mr. Ayers is forming a new Cabinet. Rust is appearing in the wheat crop of South Australia.

THE Intercolonial Conference had concluded its sittings when the last mail left Melbourne. On the supposition that the Imperial Government will bear one-half of the expense, two lines of postal communication are recommended to be adopted, at a cost of £246,000—one from London, *viâ* Suez to Sydney, and one from London, *viâ* San Francisco, to Melbourne. The time in which mails are to be delivered by both routes is limited to forty-eight days. Resolutions were also adopted, in reply to a despatch from Lord Kimberley, demanding on the part of the colonies the right to enter into intercolonial fiscal arrangements without any interference by the Imperial Government. No arrangement could be arrived at between New South Wales and Victoria for a prolongation of the Border Customs Treaty.

THE *Shanghai Courier* states that Tseng-kwo-fan has given the arsenal at Nankin orders for the manufacture of six million percussion caps, and adds:—"We learn from Hankow, on what we take to be reliable authority, a very serious *raison d'être* for the aforesaid order. It is officially notified that the well-known military mandarin Li-kwei-men, degraded on account of his quarrel with Chen-kwo-jui, and ordered to retire to his native province of Hunan, has placed himself at the head of a large gathering of Hunan rebels, with whom he menaces Wuchang and Hankow. The provincial authorities at these ports have accordingly sent the most urgent requisition to the Viceroy of Nankin for assistance in the form of foreign munitions of war, and foreign-drilled troops. The affair is said to be rapidly assuming serious dimensions, and the authorities at Wuchang are in a state of great consternation. After the labyrinthine specimens of Chinese statecraft, of which we have specimens, we should not be surprised if the orderer of the six million percussion caps, himself, who is, as is well known, a Hunan man, should turn out to have a good deal to do with the Hunan rebels."

THE parishioners of St. Michael's, Paddington, have presented to the National Lifeboat Institution £640, to defray the cost of the new lifeboat establishment at Flamborough Head.

FOR the defence of Malta a number of heavy guns of modern construction have recently been shipped, and there are now in course of delivery by the Park-gate Iron Company, Rotherham, Yorkshire, some immense iron embrasures for use at Malta.

THE Committee of Pardons, which adjourned on Friday to December 4, decided on thirteen cases, but the *Daily News* Paris correspondent telegraphs that the result is not yet known. The rumour runs that its decision was one of even greater severity than was feared. Many formalities yet remain to be fulfilled, and the executions, if they take place, will not, in all probability, occur so soon as was expected. In any case, Lullier, being an approver, will be spared.

ACCORDING to the *Magnet*, the wheat plant continues to look well, and has grown somewhat, but it is not too forward for the time of year, the frost having checked its premature development. The young plant has obtained a firm hold of the soil, and is therefore fairly prepared to withstand the variableness of our temperature.

THE *Standard's* correspondent at Berlin telegraphs that Russia, having taken alarm at the appointment of Count Andrassy as Austro-Hungarian Chancellor in the place of Count Beust, is actively engaged in completing its armaments, and to that end is forming two camps of observation of 180,000 men each, one at Smolensko, and the other on the Galician frontier. It is also rumoured in Prussian military circles that the kingdom of Poland is likely to be reconstituted, with the Crown Prince of Saxony at its head.

A LARGE meeting of railway *employés* connected with the goods departments of the different stations in Liverpool was held in that town on Saturday night to consider the reply from the directors of the several railway companies connected with Liverpool to the various memorials, &c., of the men which had been presented to them asking for a reduction in the hours of labour. The managers had resolved to meet the men half way, and offered to reduce the hours of labour from sixty-one to fifty-seven. This offer was accepted by the men, and a vote of thanks was passed. The shoemakers and sailmakers of Wick are on strike for more wages, and it is expected that other trades will follow. The strike at Limerick has ended, the men having conceded to the employers the right of employing whoever they please. Many of the men on strike, as business allowed, were at once taken back. About 240 men are on strike in the Staffordshire Potteries, there being a dispute as to wages. There is some agitation amongst the engineers of Sheffield as to the payment of wages and overtime.

A TELEGRAM from Rome says:—"The directors of the National Credit Bank and the Parisian banker, M. Schnapper, have arrived here to confer with the Minister of Finance on several important questions. It is thought that there is some intention of contracting a loan."

THE *Melbourne Age* says that the prospects of the gold fields, and especially those in the Bendigo district, are very much improved. The excitement at Sandhurst, owing to the recent discoveries, is greater (it adds) than at any previous period in its history, and the share market is unusually active. Indeed, the brokers find it impossible to get through their transactions. The pavement is entirely blocked up and business is rarely completed until midnight. No such mining mania has ever been seen in Victoria; and the best feature of the revival is, that it is founded upon a permanent improvement in the yield of nearly all the leading mines, and the discovery of rich gold at levels lower than were once believed to be auriferous.

THE railway collision on Friday night at Wigan has not had any fatal results. About twenty persons were injured, some severely, but no bones appear to have been broken, and all the patients are in a fair way of recovery. It appears that persons on the platform saw the express approaching, aud their shouts caused many persons who had taken their places in the Manchester train to jump out before it was run into, and who thus escaped.

THE revenue of the colony of Victoria for the quarter ending 30th September last amounted to £1,013,209 as against £846,333, the income for the corresponding period of last year, showing a comparative increase of £166,876, whilst the revenue for the year which terminated on the 30th of last September was £3,480,035, showing a comparative increase upon the corresponding twelve months ending on the same day last year of £197,376, the return for that period being £3,282,658. A closer examination of the figures, however, creates serious doubts as to their value as a trustworthy indication of the financial condition of the colony. The principal increases occur under the heads "customs" and "territorial." The increase in the income received from custom duties is the result of the immense quantities of goods which were taken out of bond at the commencement of the quarter, in anticipation of the change in the fiscal policy. The consumption of these goods will run over the next nine or twelve months, and will of course tend to decrease the customs revenue during that period.

WE read in the *North German Gazette*:—"The Ultramontane *Donaubote* (Deggendorf) has published an article on the International which, we are glad to say, does not seem to be dictated by sentiments friendly to that body. That paper says:—'Too little notice and apprehension are excited by the dangers that threaten us from the so-called International; that is, from the great conspiracy of workmen which already extends over the whole world, and whose declared purpose is to subvert by force the whole existing order of society. To them God is a lie, property theft, and honour a burden and a chain.'"

M. THIERS, accompanied by the Minister of War, paid a short visit to Rouen on Saturday, in order to examine the site of the new military institution which is to be established there. M. Thiers was very well received by the people.

THE distribution of prizes to the successful competitors in the London Rifle Brigade took place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The presentations, which were of the aggregate value of more than £1,000, were made by the Lady Mayoress, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and several thousand spectators. The Lord Mayor referred to the importance of maintaining the volunteer movement, and promised to give it his warm support.

AN accumulation of gas took place in the Oaks Colliery, near Barnsley, on Saturday, to so great an extent that all the men were at once drawn out, fearing an explosion.

THE German Government has submitted to the Federal Council a bill fixing the amount of the Military Budget for the financial period of three years—namely, for 1872, 1873, and 1874. The strength of the German army on a peace footing is to be 401,659 men, and the annual expenditure for the maintenance of this force is fixed at 90,373,275 thalers, of which 10,854,900 thalers will have to be borne by Bavaria. The Federal Council is reported to have given its sanction to these estimates.

YOUSSEF BEY has been appointed Turkish Minister of Finance in place of Sadik Pasha.

RIOTOUS manifestations were renewed in Brussels on Saturday night, but without any serious disturbance to public order. Some of the police, who are said by M. Anspach, the mayor of the city, to have used their arms without receiving any provocation, have been suspended at the suggestion of their superiors. At a banquet given on Saturday night M. Anspach highly eulogised the conduct of the King, and said that His Majesty at first refused to sign the appointment of M. de Decker, and that thereupon the Ministry threatened to resign. Delegates from the Liberal Association of Flanders are to arrive in Brussels on Wednesday, with an address thanking M. Bara for the steps he has recently taken in the name "of outraged public morality."

MR. CHARRINGTON told the Asylums Board on Saturday that from observations he had made he found that the Whitechapel authorities employed the same ambulance for the removal of both fever and small-pox patients, and that in the interim between the conveyance of the one and the other the vehicle is not disinfected.

IT is believed that up to the present time the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company have obtained no clue as to the forger of the name of their secretary to a telegram announcing an amalgamation with the Midland Company, although they are making every effort to do so.

THE death is announced at Melbourne, on the 28th ult., of Lady Edith Fergusson, second and youngest daughter of the late James Andrew Ramsay, tenth Earl and first Marquis of Dalhousie, and his wife, Lady Susan Hay, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale. The lamented lady was born in October, 1839, and married, 9th August, 1859, Sir James Fergusson, Bart., of Kilkerran, Ayrshire, Governor of South Australia.

M. THIERS has declared that the raising of the state of siege is not a necessary consequence of the return of the National Assembly to Paris.

THE Emperor of Germany is said to be unwell, and there is much disquietude on account of His Majesty's advanced age.

IN the German Parliament on Tuesday, the bill for preventing the abuse of the pulpit by the clergy passed its third reading by a large majority.

A NEW YORK telegram says that cholera has disappeared at Halifax, but small-pox is spreading rapidly in Philadelphia, New York, and other cities.

THE Roumanian Chamber of Deputies, on the occasion of its entering upon the ordinary session, re-elected its former Bureau, which is tantamount to a vote of confidence in the Ministry.

M. JULES FERRY has a formal promise of the appointment to the Ministry at Washington.

A FRENCH Ministerial report is being prepared relative to the Anglo-French Treaty of Commerce. It gives certain opinions for and against the Treaty stated during the inquiry in 1870, as well as the opinion of the Conseils-Généraux, and the statistics of French imports and exports in the years 1850 to 1859, and 1860 to 1870.

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PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and, he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges.* Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

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" XXIV.—"And the stately Ships go on, to their Haven under the Hill."
" XXV.—"But Oh! for the Touch of a vanished Hand; and the sound of a Voice that is still."

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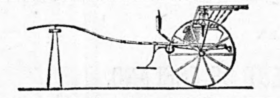

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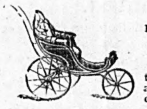

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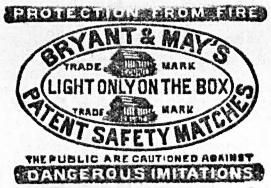

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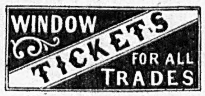

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The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

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27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
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68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

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